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To the Victor

AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

November 1, 1948

DEAR Mr. President-elect: As this is written, on the eve of Election Day, we cannot be certain that your name is Tom Dewey. By an unlikely chance, it may be Harry Truman. If an earthquake tomorrow should swallow up the whole country except Vito Marcantonio's Congressional district, your name might conceivably be Henry Wallace. Through the supernatural intervention of the departed spirit of Theodore Bilbo and the devil himself, we may even be addressing Strom Thurmond. And there is always the minuscule, infinitesimal, technical, and theoretical possibility that you are Norman Thomas. But whoever you are and whichever your party, you may count on our sympathy now and on our nagging advice in the four years to come. You will need all the sympathy you can get, and you will doubtless get more advice than you can take.

Why you chose to seek out the world's most appalling position is something for which you need only answer to your guardian angel. And now that the strain of getting yourself elected is past, we suppose that you are doing exactly that. You will undoubtedly realize by the time this appears what was perhaps obscured by the carnival hoopla of the campaign: that you have taken on the most frightening load of responsibility since Pandora opened the forbidden box.

Yours is the task of keeping two snarling worlds from literally blasting society to bits and thus, among graver consequences, making your Presidency the last. In working this miracle of salvation, you are not expected—indeed, you will not be allowed—to sacrifice any of those values that make our society worth the saving; which is to say, you are not free to pursue the peace by surrendering principle either in your diplomacy or at home. At the same time, you are not free to indulge in truculence or any attitude that suggests an unwillingness to settle honest differences in a spirit of conciliation. In short, you will have to deal firmly with the Soviet Union, but not belligerently, fairly but not fatuously. The people who elected you, unless we miss our guess entirely, emphatically do not want another war, but neither do they want to find their country, in time, an exposed island in a totalitarian sea.

Flowing out of this vast and overriding problem are numerous others which cannot be solved without reference to the parent problem but which nevertheless call urgently for solution: How are we to keep the United States strong enough both to bargain effectively and to protect itself in the event of an unsought war while, at the same time, avoiding the curse of an arms program that might well be in itself an incitement to war? And if your diplomacy is successful beyond our fondest hopes and we manage to extinguish the war fever, then what of our economy? What steps can be taken to cushion the shock that would come when we cut down our mushrooming defense establishment? If, on the other hand, we are obliged, in self-defense, to pour our wealth into armaments, what can be done to spread the sacrifice evenly, to distribute the reduced output of consumers' goods, and to keep prices from shooting off into space? Can a war economy, in fact, be maintained in time of peace without recourse to undemocratic government, not only in the sphere of economics but in the realm of civil rights as well?

These are only a few of the terrifying questions, Mr. President-elect, that you will be called upon to answer. There are many others, of course. Some, like the American position on Palestine, the infinitely complicated tangle of Germany, and the pressure of the military to woo the unsavory General Franco, stem directly from the larger question of war or peace with Russia. Others—the rising and undeniable demand of our Negro population for an end to second-class citizenship, the alarming and perhaps fatal wasting of natural resources, and the historic choice between public and private control of atomic energy—these

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we would have with us in any case, and they would be enough to weigh down the mind of any President.

Yet—and here is the most dismal aspect of the campaign we have been through—few of these monumental issues have been dealt with except in the shoddiest vote-trapping fashion. We have not heard just how you plan to treat with the Soviet government or what you propose to do about Germany. You have not made us see what vision, if any, you have for a future in which the industrial world will revolve around the atom. And, especially if your name is Dewey, we have no idea how you plan to ward off the inflation that can wreck the Marshall Plan and make a joke of that bi-partisan foreign policy of which we have heard so much.

So it is that you go into office without that "mandate from the people" that would have been provided by a campaign based on issues honestly presented. Rarely have we had a presidential year in which issues were so far-reaching and yet so muffled, vague, and indecisive in the campaign. This fact, more than any other, makes it incumbent on you to keep your ear close to the ground, to take the public into your confidence at every step of the way, to give the voters what they failed to get at the polls—the opportunity to pass judgment on a program and not merely on the efficiency and political charm of the respective candidates.

Yours, with hope that your administration will be good for the Republic, with faith that the Republic will survive it in any case, and with all the charity that the traffic will bear, EDITORS THE NATION

The Shape of Things

IN SPITE OF THE HARSH TONES IN WHICH Marshal Stalin addressed the world last week, his statement seemed to us to contain some thickly disguised hope. The device of having himself interviewed in *Pravda* was clearly a defensive move, an indication that the Soviet leader found it necessary to justify his course to his own people. More than that, it was an assurance to them that they would not be dragged into a war which presumably they fear as much as other nations, if not more. The leaders of the Western powers, he said, wanted to "unleash a new war," but—and this is the significant passage—their efforts were doomed to "ignominious failure" because "the horrors of the recent war are still too fresh in the memories of peoples, and the public forces favoring peace are too strong." Stalin cited the fall of Churchill as an example of this resistance to war and hinted that the defeat of Truman would be a similar manifestation. In both cases, he was ridiculously wrong, as he was in his categorical assertion that an agreement on Berlin had been reached in Moscow, only to be repudiated by the Western warmongers. But these

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distortions are less important than their purpose, which, it seems to us, was to notify the West that agreement *is* possible and that Russia wants it, although not by way of the Security Council. The reference to the abortive Moscow agreement, which did "not hurt anyone's prestige," lends further weight to the possibility that Stalin would welcome a way out of the Berlin impasse that would permit him to save face. As for his choice of words, it was in keeping with current diplomatic protocol, which allows the Soviet representative in the General Assembly to refer to the United Nations report on the Balkans as a "pile of garbage."

*

THE MANEUVERS CONCERNING PALESTINE continue in Paris. On page 511, Lillie Shultz describes the attempt to use sanctions against Israel in order to force its troops to withdraw from positions taken after the Egyptians attacked in the Negev. That this move was backed by the American delegation without the President's knowledge and was checked only when he learned of it from unofficial sources is the most flagrant evidence yet given of State Department contempt for Presidential authority. Further plans already under way for the implementation of the Bernadotte report may have been held up by the substitute proposals put forward by Acting Mediator Bunche. But the long-range schemes of the British to maintain their power in the Levant will not be ended as long as the United States continues to collaborate. Meanwhile, however, the lines of a settlement are being laid in Palestine itself by the Israeli army. The Egyptians in the Negev are totally defeated; in the north, the Arab forces have retreated beyond the Lebanese border. Only the Transjordan Legion remains in the field. This would seem to be the hour for the Jews to settle the conflict themselves by direct negotiation with the Arab leaders.

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AGAINST ALL THE OBDURATE FACTS OF THE struggle in Palestine, Judah L. Magnes held on to his dream of an independent nation in which Jews and Arabs would hold equal power. It is sad that his death should have come at a time when the bulk of the Arab population, whipped by irrational fear, has fled from Israel and when the country is besieged by the armies of the Arab states. But in spite of this, the idea of friendly cooperation between the two peoples is not dead. Israel is a Jewish state, but within its area full democratic rights are assured the Arabs, including the right to vote and hold office. Dr. Magnes's dream is not likely to come true in a literal sense, but the generous spirit that animated it has great vitality in Israel. It will remain a monument to the teachings of a man of unusual vision, as will the remarkable record of Hebrew University over which he presided for twenty-three useful years.

FACTS ABOUT THE GRAVE COAL STRIKE IN France are more obvious than a possible solution. The miners receive wages which are far too low to sustain their families under inflation. Most of them are not Communists, but their union organization is controlled by Communists who are intent on wrecking the Marshall Plan. The failure of the French government to halt inflation made it easy for these leaders to carry out their offensive in the mines. The government has sent in soldiers, not to break the strike, but to prevent flooding of the pits, which would take them out of production for a considerable period. A large section of French labor, and the Socialists under Léon Blum, condemn the action of the strike leaders. Arthur Horner, Communist official of the British mine workers' union, has asked for help for the French miners and is likely to be censured by British labor for doing so. And our inimitable John L. Lewis, who is far from being a Communist and whose salary has recently been increased to $50,000 a year, saw in the episode a chance for a political attack on President Truman. Calling on the A. F. of L., with which his union is not now affiliated, he demanded pressure on the Administration to induce it to use the Marshall Plan as a lever for forcing the French government to yield. Not one of these actions is likely to benefit the French miners, who are on the front line of this economic-political battle.

*

THE LONG-IMPENDING BATTLE OF STEEL HAS been joined in Britain with publication of the government's bill for nationalization of the industry. Undoubtedly, this will prove the hardest fight Labor has yet faced in putting through the socialization program for which it secured a mandate in 1945. Capitalist resistance to nationalization of the service industries—electric power, gas, transport—was tempered by knowledge that the principle of public ownership had already been conceded. Opposition to taking over the coal mines was half-hearted, for no one had any practical alternative for the rescue of that broken-down industry. But steel is different: it is the key manufacturing industry and is closely linked to many other trades. Moreover, under its existing cartel management it is both reasonably efficient and prosperous. In fact, the chief argument of the opposition to nationalization has been: Why disturb an industry which has been making an outstanding record in production? Summaries of the government bill at present available suggest that some new arguments will now have to be found, for the scheme is such that the industry will not be disrupted unless its managers go on strike. Broadly, it provides for a public holding company which will purchase on behalf of the nation the shares of 107 large iron-ore and steel producing companies. These concerns will continue to operate as separate units under their ex-

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isting boards of directors. They will even be able to compete in reducing costs, since that, instead of the size of their dividends, will be the main managerial responsibility toward the new owners of the industry.

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IF THIS WERE ALL THAT THE MEASURE proposed, it might be asked whether the change was worth an embittered struggle. The really important sections of the bill, however, are the powers it gives to the new Iron and Steel Corporation of Great Britain to reorganize and expand. Britain clearly needs a much-enlarged and modernized steel industry. Plans put forward by the British Iron and Steel Federation for achieving this end under private ownership have proved hopelessly inadequate. That was inevitable. In an industry like steel, as we have learned in this country, the attainment of maximum profits calls for restriction of capacity to produce. And here we have at least some vestiges of free competition. In Britain, the industry has long been tightly cartelized, and there is no hope of reconciling the long-term interests of this monopoly with those of the nation.

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THE NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS BOARD chose an odd moment—just before the elections—to reveal some of the more ugly implications of the Taft-Hartley act. The board ruled that mass picketing is contrary to the law even though no violence is involved. This harks back to the doctrine of some of the anti-labor injunctions issued before the passage of the Norris-La-Guardia act. Even more serious is the decision of the board that strikers for economic advantages like higher wages or shorter hours cannot vote in an election to designate a union to represent them in collective bargaining if the employer has already hired others to take their places. President Harvey W. Brown of the International Association of Machinists, the union involved, objects that "the Labor Board finds that the employer has full authority to break that strike by the simple expedient of hiring strike-breakers, designating them as permanent, and by announcing a reduction in force as a result of business lost during the strike." To this, the board replies that the protest "should be directed to the Congress and not to this board."

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THE CAMPAIGN TO SUPPRESS CIVIL LIBERTIES in the United States has met a check in another skirmish. Three young people in Denver were questioned by a federal grand jury concerning their alleged communism. They refused to answer on the ground that they might incriminate themselves—a procedure which, whatever its wisdom in the circumstances, is an undoubted constitutional right, based solidly on the Fifth Amendment. Yet United States District Judge Foster Symes held them in contempt and sentenced one of them, Irving Blau, to six months in jail, and the other two, Nancy Wertheimer and Jane Rogers, the latter the mother of three children, to four months. What is more, neither Judge Symes nor the Circuit Court would grant release on bail, pending the hearing of their appeal. This was an outrageous exercise of judicial discretion, for bail has rarely been denied even to convicted felons when any reasonable grounds for granting it were presented. It took an application to Supreme Court Justice Wiley Rutledge to bail out the prisoners. Even then, some of the large bonding companies in New York City refused to write the bonds, and by the time bail was obtained, the witnesses had been in jail forty days for standing on their constitutional rights.

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MANY A SEAFARING AMATEUR WILL BE saddened by the news that the last remaining passenger liners in the Atlantic coastal service have given up the struggle. The Evangeline and the Yarmouth have finally been retired by the Eastern Steamship Lines. One by one, the old steamers have ceased plying between Eastern ports; it is no longer possible to embark at New York for New Haven, New London, Fall River, Providence, Boston, Portland, Camden, Bangor, Yarmouth, or for Norfolk, Savannah, or Charleston. To vacationists, this most pleasant way of traveling offered a minor tang of adventure; for persons who could not afford the money or time for an Atlantic crossing it provided the change and relaxation of a short sea voyage. The shipowners say that the winter cruises of luxury liners dealt them the final blow, but the jazzed-up entertainment of these floating hotels can never be a substitute for the *Gemütlichkeit* of the sometimes shabby but comfortable work-a-day coastal vessels which had their part to play in the carriage of freight and of people who wanted to get somewhere instead of just anywhere. Rising costs, coupled with the competition of the motor truck, the passenger automobile, and the plane, have long been eating into the coastal traffic; even before the motor age, the railroads first competed with and then absorbed their water-borne rivals. Only a little more than a century ago, the coastal waters and large rivers were the main transportation routes of the nation. Who would have believed then that the Yankee skipper who knew every shoal and headland would ever vanish from the pilot house or the thump of hawsers on the dock cease to be heard? There still must be smaller steamers plying to the islands off the New England coast. Can one yet hear, on a foggy morning in Penobscot Bay, the mournful whistle by whose echo the pilot checks his bearings? If radar ever banishes that, we shall give way to unashamed nostalgia.

CORRECTION: The sum collected and spent by James M. Mellon of the Jeffersonian Democrats in the 1944 campaign in California was not $800,430, as it appeared in last week's issue by a proofreader's error, but $80,430.

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FOLLOWING INTERVENTION BY PRESIDENT C. E. Wilson of the General Motors Corporation, the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan has suspended the university's Workers' Educational Service. Last year, the classes in parliamentary law, public speaking, economics, and journalism offered by the service were attended by 65,000 students. According to Alexander Ruthven, president of the university, "the facts appear to be that an attempt has been made to discredit a class of the Workers' Educational Service on the basis of hearsay and unverified assertions." The charges were made by Adam Stricker, a General Motors "research" employee who attended two sessions of a six-session course which dealt with the President's Economic Report. Mr. Stricker asserted that "subversive" doctrines were being taught. Three executives of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company "found no subversive elements at all." On the contrary, it was their opinion that "the course was valuable." Apparently, Mr. Wilson's action was influenced by the fact that among the reading material distributed to the class was a publication of the United Automobile Workers which contained a criticism of him. Lèse majesté! The exercise of academic freedom may, it appears, be costly when the head of the richest and most powerful corporation in the country is involved. Thousands of workers are to be deprived of an educational opportunity because of what President Ruthven has called "distortion of a very small incident." Obviously, Mr. Wilson is to hear more criticism of himself in the future.

"I can understand the Russians, the British, and the Chinese, but we Americans—they baffle me!"—a cartoon comment, slightly edited, from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Rout of the Kuomintang

THE loss of Mukden and the annihilation of several of the Kuomintang's crack American-trained and equipped armies has been the final blow in an unprecedented series of reverses for Nanking. Chiang's personal and political prestige has reached its lowest ebb. Until this fall, the Communists, although remarkably successful in guerilla warfare, had never taken a major city from the better-armed government forces. But suddenly, within a fortnight, the troops of the Chinese Red Army captured Tsinan, capital of the north-central province of Shantung; Changchun, capital of Manchuria; Changchow, junction of China's chief east-west and north-south railways; Kaifeng, capital of Honan; and Chefoo, former summer base of the United States Asiatic fleet. They are now threatening two other major cities—Taiyuan, capital of Shansi, and Sian, capital of Shensi—in a carefully coordinated, widespread offensive. Only in southern Manchuria, where Kuomintang troops have recaptured the port of Yingkow, could Nanking claim any success. And this move, far from presaging a new Kuomintang offensive, merely prepared the way for the attempted evacuation of all Kuomintang forces in Manchuria.

The recent military setbacks have wholly destroyed whatever confidence existed in the drastic economic and social "reforms" announced by Nanking in August and September. Despite the stringent penalties set up to protect the new currency, monetary stability was not achieved. All efforts to curb the inflation have now been abandoned. The most recent six-month budget was exhausted in two months. Prices have risen up to ninefold except in the few places where a real effort has been made to enforce the new regulations; in those areas, goods disappeared from the merchants' shelves to reappear in the black market at double or triple ceiling prices. In Shanghai, where Chiang Kai-shek's son has been carrying on a spectacular campaign against hoarders and black-market operators, normal economic activity has been drastically curtailed by the difficulty of carrying on business under the conditions imposed by the latest regulations. American business men report that they are finding it far easier to operate in the Communist areas than under the new Kuomintang restrictions. Coolies and unskilled workers, who fared fairly well during the period of uncontrolled inflation, have been caught in a squeeze. Their wages are frozen, and they can buy many of the necessities of life only at black-market prices.

Most Americans find it hard to understand the growing weakness of China's economic and military position when such a tremendous amount of American aid has been poured into the country since the end of the war. They recall that China was included in the Economic Cooperation Act for more than $400,000,000 at Republi-

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can insistence, despite vigorous objections from Secretary Marshall and the State Department. American army and navy officers have been training Kuomintang troops and naval forces in the use of the American equipment which we furnished in huge quantities. Obviously, the failure of American money to turn the tide in China is not due, as Mr. Dewey and his fellow-Republicans would like us to believe, to the fact that it has been "too little and too late." Billions have been wasted without any significant effect. Nor is there any verifiable evidence that these billions have been in any way offset by Russian action. The simple fact—which has been deliberately hidden from the American people—is that the Chinese people are thoroughly fed up with the corruption and dictatorial character of Chiang's regime and that the majority of Chinese of all political factions resent American efforts to prop up that regime. As Chiang himself pointed out in his remarkable apology, delivered on the eve of China's Independence Day, the Chinese people have been deeply impressed by the Communist propaganda on "democracy and liberty." Chiang admits that a large part of the population in the territory which he controls does not support him.

It is important to keep these facts in mind if—after a Dewey victory—we are told that the United States must provide increased financial and military aid to prevent "Stalin from marching over Asia." The Chinese Communist armies are too inferior in numbers and equipment to be able to conquer China. But no amount of support for Chiang's reactionary and corrupt regime will stem the popular clamor for an honest, democratic government free from *all* foreign ties, whether they be with Washington or Moscow.

Rustem Vambery

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

NO ONE outside his own family will miss Rustem Vambery, day by day, more than his friends on *The Nation*. His relationship with this journal and its staff dates back to the period following the First World War when Dr. Vambery became a close adviser, as well as a contributor. During the terrible years in Hungary after Horthy took power, through letters and personal contacts with members of our board, Dr. Vambery provided an intimate interpretation of events in Eastern Europe that helped make *The Nation* an almost unique source of first-hand information. When he finally came to this country in 1938, his place in the counsels of the paper was already firmly fixed. Throughout the past war and in the difficult time that has followed, his steady, shrewd, detached understanding of political developments in Europe has been something on which we have gratefully depended.

His interests were as broad and varied as our complex society. As a criminologist, his views were respected by leaders in that field all over the country. His legal knowledge and interests stretched from criminal law to constitutional and international law and to the law as applied to civil rights. He was one of the handful of men who had developed a clear program for the economic and political integration of the Danubian countries. His views on nationalism represented—as he always said—a modern heresy: they found support among those persons who still resist the orthodox nationalisms of the far left and the not-so-distant right. Above all, he believed that the hope of peace lies with those willing to seek a democratic solution of the conflicts inherent in the great revolution of our age. No personal difficulty or disappointment—and he suffered enough of both—could drive him to accept a politically dubious alternative, however comfortable, or expedient, or even plausible it might appear to be.

In all the broad fields of his interest, Rustem Vambery remained a free and a whole man. I think he had the freest mind, the mind least cumbered by illusion, that I have ever known. To be with him was always to experience a sense of release, an enlargement of one's own area of thinking. And in every aspect of his work, Dr. Vambery found friends who knew how to value these gifts. Only those rebuked him who insist on some brand of orthodoxy; who hold dogma above wisdom. Even such persons, if they were intelligent, must have loved him for his quality as a human being, as a warm, witty, erudite, generous man.

I often heard admirers characterize Rustem Vambery as a "good European." Surely he was that: even today, the old label means something we cannot afford to abandon. But I would have liked it if he had been called as often a "good American." And a small fraction of my sorrow is bound up with the fact that when our friend died he had not yet been granted the United States citizenship for which he had applied. For America requires, above everything, the kind of man Rustem Vambery preeminently was: a man who knew that in order to be firm one need not be violent or headlong; that opinion can be strong and yet be expressed with urbanity and even humor; that villainy is no monopoly of any one country, and perhaps is not even the main problem; that intelligence requires knowledge, and policy requires direction if they are to be usefully applied. These are a few of the kinds of wisdom Dr. Vambery offered the land of his adoption.

For his friends, the death of Rustem Vambrey is a loss not to be made up. For the country and our time, it is a loss, too, and one that can be compensated only in the degree that those who had the privilege of his friendship can express in their own work some part of the valor and insight he so generously dispensed.

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Britain's Game in Israel

BY LILLIE SHULTZ

Paris, November 1 (by Cable)

CONTINUATION of the East-West crisis is being used with dexterity by the British to force American acquiescence in the sacrifice of Israel. Early last week the British, at a conference at the Quai d'Orsay, induced Secretary Marshall and Foreign Minister Schuman to agree to the submission of a resolution in the Security Council the purpose of which was to brand the Jews as aggressors. The reason for the act ostensibly was the refusal of the Jews to withdraw to the positions they had occupied before the Egyptians began their attack a fortnight ago in the Negev. The Israeli delegates argued that they had observed the cease-fire and that the question of retreat to the original positions was reserved for negotiation under the terms of the resolution of October 19.

In dealing with Marshall the British used the pretext that the Egyptian government, weakened by the total defeat of the Egyptian armies in the Negev, would fall, and that under no circumstances could this be allowed. On Thursday, October 28, such a resolution was introduced jointly by Britain and China. Had it been submitted to a vote, it would have passed that day, with the Americans openly stating that they had instructions to vote for it. The action of the Russians and the Ukrainians in obtaining a postponement of twenty-four hours, which the Americans opposed, prevented its passage. On Friday a directive by President Truman to the American delegation produced the first real rout of the British and of the Foreign Office–State Department cabal.

The Security Council had been in session more than an hour, with the Americans still adamant, behind the scenes, in their support of the British-Chinese resolution. Every effort since yesterday to win their agreement to the submission of amendments had been turned down. This extended even to a suggestion by the Acting Mediator, Ralph Bunche, that a substitute resolution be adopted calling for negotiations between the Jews and Arabs on outstanding problems of the truce in all sections of Palestine, including an armistice, and the ultimate attainment of peace in place of the current truce.

When the exclusive information of *The Nation's* correspondent that the President had directed the Americans not to vote for the British-Chinese resolution spread among the delegations and the press, Sir Alexander Cadogan was called out of the council chamber by the Americans and officially informed of the directive. The Egyptians were then told that the Americans could no longer support the resolution. Representatives of the British and American staffs hastily produced a face-saving resolution that they got the Canadians to introduce. It called for the appointment of a subcommittee to take into account all the discussions of the past two days and to formulate a new resolution on that basis. Britain, China, Belgium, France, and the Ukraine were named members of the subcommittee and are scheduled to present their conclusions to the Security Council on Tuesday. The subcommittee met over the week-end and under British leadership drafted a resolution calling upon the Israelis to retreat to their original positions, under the threat of sanctions for non-compliance. The Ukraine and France objected vigorously. When the resolution is finally submitted to the Security Council, the Americans may content themselves with abstention or may actively oppose it. Their attitude will decide its fate. Whether they really got their instructions late or were playing one of their usual double games with Truman is not clear. I can hardly believe, however, that the American delegation could have lacked information that was in my possession.

The maneuver of the British-Chinese resolution, whose ostensible purpose was to save Egypt, actually was intended to blackmail the Israelis into retreating from the area captured from the Egyptians, opening the way for Abdullah to take it over and softening them up for ultimate passage of the Bernadotte plan. The maneuver failed, but it should be taken for granted that the British have not given up. Whether their intrigues will be successful, on paper at least, when the Political Committee opens its discussions depends on how much longer the President, or the President-elect, permits the United States to serve as tail to the British kite.

October 29

COUPLED with the desire to hurry through the Bernadotte plan or the new Bunche proposal is the fear of the State Department crowd that they will lose their jobs under a new Administration. This explains the frantic efforts to camouflage the intervention of Mr. McClintock and Sir John Troutbeck at Rhodes as a visit merely to discuss refugee questions. It explains also the urgent secrecy of Anglo-American discussions on the Palestine question. British and American representatives, with the participation of Ralph Bunche, are now working on the third draft of a resolution on the Bernadotte plan. So secret are the conferences that even the Secretary General of the United Nations has had to make a special

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request in order to see the text. This writer is in possession of the contents of the third draft. It is a document which betrays the U. N. decision of last November and abandons every vestige of decency and reality. The only distinction it makes between the Arab aggressors and the Jews is to reward the Arabs for their aggression.

The resolution "notes with satisfaction and indorses the conclusions" of the progress report of the late U. N. Mediator "as the basic plan for the peaceful settlement of the situation in Palestine." It calls for the replacement of the mediator by a United Nations conciliation commission of three, chosen from member states. Although the Big Five are to select the three, the intent is to exclude the Russians and limit the committee to members of the present truce commission—France, Belgium, and the United States. The responsibility for carrying out the Bernadotte plan is given to the commission, which up to now has been notoriously anti-Israel.

Britain, although it is not mentioned by name, is to be given a place on a boundaries commission to be chosen in turn by the conciliation commission. On British insistence, a clause has been written in making it a threat to the peace and an act of aggression to attempt to change the boundaries without the consent of the parties. Again on British insistence, the resolution provides that Arab Palestine, *with the Negev attached,* is to be awarded to Transjordan. A first draft would have awarded part of the Negev to Egypt. The Americans were strongly for this. The British objected. The State Department yielded.

Nowhere in the document is there a single reference to the state of Israel or its recognition by the U. N. But there is ample solicitude for the Arabs. The first draft of the resolution provided that *all refugees* from the conflict should have the right to return to their homes at the earliest possible moment and to be compensated for their losses, with the conciliation commission assisting in their repatriation. The newest version provides such help *only for the Arabs.* For those Arabs who do not choose to return to their homes the concilation commission is asked to set up machinery to resettle them elsewhere and to arrange "adequate compensation" for their property losses. There is no indication of any awareness of the hundreds of thousands of Jewish refugees, survivors of Hitler's extermination program, still in D. P. camps more than three years after the end of the war.

Behind-the-scenes efforts to secure passage of this resolution involve intricate collusion with the Arabs. The British idea is to have the Arabs vote against the resolution in the Political Committee, where a two-thirds' majority is not required. In the plenary session another strategy is to be used. It is being suggested to the Arabs that they make violent, denunciatory speeches and walk out in a body, casting no vote. Thus the Anglo-American alliance would not have to get two affirmative votes for every negative vote in order to capture the necessary two-thirds' majority. Further, the British are seeking de facto acceptance of the Bernadotte plan once the resolution has been adopted.

This strategy may succeed if explicit instructions to drop the Bernadotte plan are not given to the American delegation by the President or the President-elect. But if it succeeds, it will still be a paper resolution incapable of implementation as long as the Israelis refuse to acquiesce—unless the United States is prepared to send in troops. There is no sign that Israel's resistance will weaken. On the contrary, it has been stiffened considerably by the machinations of the past weeks and by the military successes against Egypt.

HOW indifferent the American delegation really is to the Palestine boundary question may be gauged from a well-authenticated report I have received that the Americans would gladly drop all further discussions on boundaries if the Israelis could come to terms directly with Transjordan. This attitude reflects the feeling of rivalry with the British which exists side by side with the State Department policy of collaboration. While yielding to British pressures, the Americans are not too happy about Britain's edge in the race to dominate the Middle East. This is a role we also covet. The willingness to give Egypt part of the Negev was one expression of American feeling. Another is the Security Council meeting called by Senator Austin to find a face-saving formula for Egypt, which is on the verge of suffering complete military rout.

The British, on the other hand, are secretly delighted with Egypt's defeat. And that constitutes part of another significant chapter. As a result of the military defeat of the Arabs, the British have virtually recovered their position in the Middle East and are straining to consolidate their gains. Forced into the war by Britain on the assurance that it would be over in ten days, the Arab states, each fearful and jealous of the others, overestimated their military strength. Now each is stripped of its pretenses and is exposed in all its weakness. There is not a single stable government, certainly not in Egypt, Iraq, Syria, or Lebanon. Everywhere there is ferment among the oppressed populations. Each government fears its weakness vis-à-vis its Arab neighbors and the world. None have any arms reserve or any trained troops. Each needs and seeks a protector. Britain has again cast itself in the role of that protector. At the same time, to serve its own purposes, Britain has taken a hand in stimulating revolts in the Arab countries. The situation in Egypt and Iraq is especially revealing.

Egypt never wanted to enter the war and successfully resisted the blandishments of Brigadier Clayton to go in and share the spoils of a war "sure to be over in ten days." When, however, Abdullah announced that his

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crack Arab Legion was marching into Palestine, he struck terror into the hearts of the Egyptians, fearful of having on their borders the only well-trained Arab military force and fearful, too, that the legion would remain as a permanent menace. Under the spur of that fear the Egyptian Cabinet met in secret in mid-May and within twenty-four hours began its foray into Palestine.

Even without the rout of the past fortnight the war has been disastrous for Egypt, with military losses aggravated by organized rioting and attacks upon the regime of King Farouk. In this the British had a hand. The Egyptian opposition to British control has all but disappeared. No longer is there any effective pressure for the end of the condominium in the Sudan. A settlement has been reached which continues the British governor-general as supreme military and civilian commander of the Sudan. Demands for the revision of the Anglo-Egyptian treaty of 1936 have ceased. There is little talk of the evacuation of British troops. To be sure, Britain is playing its role as protector with great skill. Armaments from surplus British stocks are being doled out piecemeal—not enough to give the Egyptians security, but enough to insure continued dependence. About 1,000,000 of the 356,000,000 pounds sterling blocked by the British has been released, it is reported; about half of it is being used by the Egyptians for rearmament.

Failure to revise the 1936 treaty means that Egypt will continue to serve as a huge military base for the British. Under that treaty Britain has the use of ports, airfields, and lines of communication; it is authorized to station forces on Egyptian territory in the canal zone and to train British air forces anywhere in the country; it has landing strips and seaplane anchorages and can stockpile military supplies in Egypt; it may send army personnel in civilian dress to the Western desert. Egypt, in turn, is obligated to develop roads and railway connections in accordance with British military specifications. The same treaty continues the Anglo-Egyptian condominium of the Sudan begun in 1899 but maintains the British governor-general as supreme military and civilian commander of that area.

IRAQ'S participation in the war in Palestine has also deprived it of the independence which only a year ago enabled it to reject a new treaty with the British continuing the military vassalage of Iraq. In need of arms, military personnel, and funds Iraq has once again, under the pressure of sheiks and effendis in British pay, sought British help. And Britain, playing a cat-and-mouse game as in Egypt, is doling out enough arms from surplus stockpiles to whet the appetite of the Iraqi but nothing more. The old treaty of 1932, with nine years still to run, continues in operation. Under it Britain controls Iraq as a military base.

But the British are not satisfied. They want to consolidate their gains in Egypt and Iraq and to extend their power. In Paris Bevin himself engaged in a series of secret conversations with the heads of the Arab states. He put out feelers for treaties with Syria and Lebanon, along the lines of the Transjordan treaty, which would give Britain bases where none now exist. In talks with representatives of these two countries he played on their fear of Jewish expansion and offered, in return for bases, British assistance in meeting this "menace."

Bevin's talks with the Iraqi and Egyptian delegates were part of a softening-up strategy. His conference with the Foreign Minister of Egypt, Ahmed Mohammed Khachaba Pasha, was particularly illuminating. Bevin frankly told the Egyptian Foreign Minister that the British were interested in maintaining their troops in Cyrenaica, the Negev, and the Sudan, and opposed the evacuation of British troops from the canal zone in Egypt. He put this forward as an essential condition of protection in the East-West conflict. Moreover, said Bevin, the British were not inclined to discuss mutual-assistance pacts with the present Egyptian government, which was obviously too weak, being founded on one party and unable to control its own population. Bevin's primary purpose was to have this message conveyed to King Farouk, already weakened by popular uprisings. Inside Egypt the British are feeding the fires of revolt based on resentment over the unsuccessful war in Palestine and the unsuccessful appeal to the Security Council regarding the Sudan. They hope to make Farouk's seat on the throne so precarious that he, like the Khedive Tewfik in 1882, will call upon the British to rescue him from an internal uprising. And just as in 1882 the British would land troops in force and establish their own conditions for replacing the 1936 treaty. This is not fantasy; this is the actual strategy which the British are planning, as has been confirmed to me by the most reliable sources.

THE Arab countries have made a feeble attempt to adapt British tactics to their own uses. Tentative approaches have been made to the Russians, including Vishinsky and Malik, here at the United Nations by Faris el Khouri of Syria, Charles Malik of the Lebanon, Mohammed Fawzi Bey of Egypt, and Najib el Rawi of Iraq. To demonstrate their independence the Arab states have divided on minor questions, either abstaining from a vote against the Russians or failing to support the British. These feeble efforts have been used by the British to further persuade the Americans that the Arab states are turning to the Russians and that, to prevent this, Britain's expansionist moves toward bases in the Middle East have become essential. The United States is making its own play for primacy in the Middle East. In the past weeks it has sent many civil aircraft into Egypt, receiving permission to do so from the Acting U. N. Mediator on the

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assurance that the planes are not intended for military purposes.

The facts related above make it clear that the Arab governments are bankrupt in every sense; that the situation is being exploited by the British to retrieve and enlarge their network of bases even if this means maintaining in power the oppressors of over thirty million people. What is more astounding is that the prestige of the United States should have been lent to such a policy. Left to themselves, the Jews and the Arabs could come to an agreement. The Anglo-American alliance, as it is now functioning, is building on quicksand. If democracy accedes to this dangerous British plot, it will sign its own decree in bankruptcy.

[*The second instalment of Freda Kirchwey's Journey Among Creeds has been postponed until next week to make possible the publication of the foregoing dispatch.*]

Compromise on Berlin?

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, October 30

WHATEVER storm of approval, condemnation, and mutual recriminations it may have aroused, Stalin's interview in *Pravda* has undoubtedly given fresh impetus to the forces within the United Nations which are seeking to end the East-West dispute that is poisoning international relations. The statement of the Soviet leader was brilliantly timed. The spirit of compromise is still strong among the delegations, and the Security Council's failure to solve the Berlin question has not discouraged those who believe that the role of the international organization is to lay the basis, not for war, but for lasting peace.

The brief declaration of the Big Three last Wednesday, after Vishinsky had vetoed the compromise resolution of the neutrals, revealed their awareness of the widespread sentiment in favor of further attempts at mediation. New efforts in this direction may take a little time to mature, especially since most of the delegates are inclined to suspend judgment even on minor issues until after the American Presidential elections. Newspapers here report observers in Washington betting fifty to one on a Dewey victory, but curiously enough many U. N. delegates are convinced that there is always a wide margin of unpredictability about the reactions of the American people. Few here would risk placing odds higher than ten to one, and even then they ring their estimates with ifs and buts.

It is hard to say what form the new approach to the Berlin problem may take. Many persons to whom I have talked believe it must avoid what Léon Blum described as "time-table questions which have unfortunately become questions of prestige," and concentrate rather on the problem that snagged the original accord—the establishment of a single currency for the German capital. The question of simultaneous negotiations on the monetary system and on the lifting of the blockade could perhaps be solved by modifying the proposal of the neutrals so as to assure the Western powers on the one hand that the Russians would demand no utterly unacceptable currency controls and the Russians, on the other hand, that the monetary agreement would not be sabotaged once they had given up their weapon of blockade. It is significant that the failure of the Security Council to find a satisfactory formula has not been followed by a spectacular appeal to the Assembly for censure of Russia but by new feelers on mediation. The United Nations is clearly determined to exhaust every possibility of peaceful settlement before considering the methods advocated by the Hearst, McCormick, and Patterson press.

Europe's reluctance to regard war as inevitable is reflected in recent newspaper comments on the Atlantic pact and the Conference of Foreign Ministers of France, Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg held in Paris last Monday and Tuesday. In order to make the military plans of the Western bloc more palatable, the press has coined a new expression—"armed neutrality." *Le Monde* describes this policy as one of "neutrality backed by sufficient military force to make powerful neighbors think twice."

Away from the corridors of the Palais de Chaillot and from prophets of disaster who believe or want to believe that preventive war is the only out, one realizes the futility of any solution based on recourse to arms. The debates on the Greek situation this week were food for thought. I am told that General Marshall returned from Athens thoroughly disgusted by how little had been achieved on the military front despite substantial American aid. The London *Times* of October 4 soberly commented that settlement of the Greek problem by purely military means becomes daily more problematic and suggested that perhaps it is time to try the political approach once more. But the correct political approach, I maintain, depends on improved relations between East and West. That is why I find it heartening that most of the current corridor gossip at the U. N. is about new compromise formulas for Berlin.

Coming in *The Nation*

ALEXANDER WERTH: Yugoslavia and the Cominform After Four Months

GEORGE A. BERNSTEIN: The "Rookeries" Racket in New York

KEITH HUTCHISON: Nationalization of the Steel Industry in Britain

ANDREW ROTH. The Hard-pressed Republic of Burma

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They're After Eisenhower

BY THOMAS SANCTON

Washington, October 29

AS THIS is written, the mathematical odds for a Republican victory seem overwhelming. On the huge inaugural platform which carpenters and painters are now completing on the Capitol grounds, Thomas E. Dewey, in all likelihood, will stand two months hence and be sworn in as our thirty-third President.

The steel frame of this platform is the property of the government and has been used for every inauguration since Benjamin Harrison's day. Today, once more assembled before the Capitol, it reminds us that the present election will fade swiftly into history. In four short years Thomas E. Dewey in all probability will again be campaigning for the privilege of mounting the same platform. Last week Dewey was apparently doing some thinking about 1952, and on one occasion, perhaps by inadvertence, he said that he not only refused to carry on a mud-slinging campaign against Harry Truman but "never would" make such a campaign. Reporters present agreed that it was an obvious reference to an anticipated second-term contest in 1952.

Whatever the intent of Dewey's remark, there can be no doubt that the mud-slinging for 1952 has already started. The target is General Eisenhower, now president of Columbia University, who in the opinion of political experts could have beaten Dewey had he run as a Democratic candidate and could have received the Republican nomination had he sought it. With a single word of assent Eisenhower could have set in motion the first authentic draft movement in generations. And he can yet speak the word in 1952.

Though Truman and Dewey filled the front pages this week, the campaign against Eisenhower was already beginning back in the syndicated columns. Hearst newspapers and magazines apparently had received instructions that Eisenhower was to get "the treatment"—the same sort of treatment that Willkie got after 1940. It is starting off pretty rough. The corporation groups which now have the country all but completely in their hands have apparently signaled thumbs down. Eisenhower looms as an inert but powerful figure in their path, dangerous to them politically because, anointed as a popular hero, he has remained an independent.

Westbrook Pegler, one of the Hearst columnists, opened up on the General this week, and Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* has a leading free-lance writer gathering material for an exposé of "communism on the campus" at Columbia. J. B. Matthews, a former Communist and a former investigator for the House Committee on Un-American Activities, now, he told a Washington state committee, doing investigation work for Hearst, opened the attack at a recent hearing conducted by the state of Washington, where he charged Eisenhower with "permitting the Russians to take over most of Germany" and with "harboring Communists on the Columbia faculty."

In two incredibly audacious columns Pegler links the name of General Eisenhower with that of his former driver, WAC Captain Kay Summersby, author of the book "Eisenhower Was My Boss." Beneath Pegler's nauseous moralizing the political motivations are apparent. "Kay was a babe who ran up mileage all over Eisenhower's war . . . helping the great harried heart of this panoplied apple shiner to relax at bridge and table prattle." Pegler goes on: "Another sentence [in the book] does suggest the woman's character, but it would horrify every Catholic and no newspaper would print it." Truman and Dewey argued this week as to who first injected the Catholic issue into the campaign, but here it is already dragged in by the heels for the 1952 venture. "This book," writes Pegler, "and the scandal that it will kick up may do some good. The Dewey Administration and the Department of National Defense can, if the right men are selected, revive the old American religious principles."

The last draft-Eisenhower movement drew support from diverse political groups. Some of these would have eventually gone over to the opposition, to the left or the right of the General, had he become a candidate and placed his little-known political views on the record. His testimony condoning segregation in the army, for instance, alienated such supporters as Walter White of the N. A. A. C. P. Eisenhower's job at Columbia, however, has increased his sympathy with humanistic doctrines—with the ideals of tolerance, rationalism, free inquiry—which flourish more naturally on a campus than in the army. His inaugural address summoning a new generation of enlightened "rebels" to rally against the forces of "ignorance, of intolerance, of superstition" clearly revealed a progressive outlook.

Robert Stripling, Jr., counsel for the House Un-American Activities Committee, flatly denies the rumors that the committee expects to investigate the Columbia faculty. But events seem to be making Eisenhower into a symbol of resistance to the encroachments on civil liberties and freedom of thought which the committee and its methods have come to represent. Paul Porter, former head of the OPA, proposed last week at the *Herald Tribune* Forum that the next President "designate General Eisenhower to head a committee to study the present uncontrolled drift toward suppression of ideas . . . and suppression of all freedom, including the freedom of inquiry, of the campus, of the graphic arts, of radio, of the screen."

If Dewey is President, this is not likely to happen. His job will be to whittle down the impressive proportions of Ike's figure on the horizon, not to build it up.

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Will South Africa Go Fascist?

BY JOHN PORTER

Capetown, October 12

A SENSATIONAL book entitled "When Smuts Goes" was published in South Africa a year ago. The author of this work of imagination, Arthur Keppel-Jones, a young historian on the faculty of the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, makes his readers' flesh creep by narrating in sober detail how fascism came to South Africa when General Smuts ceased to be Prime Minister in 1952. As it turned out, the Nationalist Party surprised itself and everyone else by winning the general elections in 1948, instead of waiting until 1952. Smuts went, and for the first time since the self-governing Union of South Africa was formed in 1910, a Cabinet was installed, under Dr. D. F. Malan, which included not a single minister of English descent.

Prime Minister Malan

In office nearly six months, the new government has weathered its first parliamentary session. It has carefully refrained from acts that might rouse the English-speaking population to concerted opposition. It has no intention of formally withdrawing from the British Commonwealth. Its cooperation will be cool rather than cordial, but it can be counted on should the cold war grow hot, for it defines Communists as men who demand equality between white and black in Africa, and obviously, therefore, it considers them this country's worst enemy.

It is in the sphere of race relations that Dr. Malan's government has shown its hand unmistakably. It won the elections on a cry of *apartheid*, an abstract noun which in the Afrikaans dialect of Dutch means racial separation, segregation, or discrimination. Under pressure from the opposition in Parliament Dr. Malan has begun to expound the full implications of the term. It signifies, in the first place, that Africans, Indians, and colored people (that is, half-caste) are to lose the meager political rights they have under the present laws.

In the Cape, the oldest of the four provinces constituting the Union, African men with the necessary qualifications now elect three white members to the House of Assembly, which has 153 members. Under the constitution a two-thirds' majority is required to deprive them of this right or to enlarge it. Since 1931, when the Statute of Westminster was passed by Britain, the Union has had the legal power to remove this requirement from its constitution, but all parties have hitherto respected the convention as a matter of good faith rather than strict law. Now Dr. Malan, with a bare majority of only half a dozen votes in Parliament, has said that he does not consider his government bound by it. This announcement provoked the biggest storm that has yet arisen. Africans and colored people have exercised their limited political rights ever since representative government began in the old Cape Colony nearly a century ago. To deprive them of these rights would be to destroy the last remnant of the Cape liberal tradition—which is exactly what the government is determined to do. However, the loud outcry over the constitutional issue evoked an assurance that the provincial election or at least a referendum would first be held next year to test white opinion.

Its hostility to all men of color will not weaken the government. Too many English-speaking voters, especially in the province of Natal, share the traditional attitude of the Afrikaners, whose Dutch ancestors fought a succession of wars against the natives before they established white supremacy. The Afrikaners now form 60 per cent of the white population, and the percentage is rising every year because their birth rate is higher than the English. In a sense these Afrikaners are the least-known nationality in the modern world. Much of their religious and political faith has retained its seventeenth-century roots. Later doctrines regarding the rights of man or the production of wealth through manufacturing industry are still regarded by them with some suspicion. "If industrialization of the country involves urbanizing the natives," declared the Minister of Native Affairs last month, "we will not encourage it." Essentially rural if not feudal in outlook, the Nationalists are concerned to increase the supply of native labor for the white farmers, who constantly complain of a shortage. In a country with nine million Africans, unskilled labor is used so wastefully that mine-owners, industrialists, and farmers all wage a silent struggle to obtain their share of it. Urban industries are winning because they can pay higher wages

JOHN PORTER is the pseudonym of a South African newspaperman.

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and the natives prefer town life even though there is a desperate lack of accommodations for them in the cities.

During the war years the Africans began to form trade unions, which were refused legal recognition, and to organize strikes, including an amazing one in the Rand gold mines, where conditions of migratory labor have not improved noticeably in the last forty years. Many of these unions have disintegrated, and the government has aimed a heavy blow at those that survive by making it illegal for any African organization to collect money without official sanction. Natives are debarred by law from doing skilled or even semi-skilled work. Politically, the Africans are becoming more conscious of their own rights and wrongs. They are not wholly ignorant of the fact that world opinion is on their side—nor is the government, which threatens to take steps to prevent "unfair" reports about South Africa from going abroad. To this end it has appointed a new ambassador at large, Charles Te Water, a presentable and plausible diplomat who has started a campaign of "enlightenment" by interviewing the lords of the press in Fleet Street. He is scheduled to visit Washington early next year.

South Africa has been enjoying a period of prosperity. An influx of capital taking refuge from British socialism has hitherto obscured the fact that imports have exceeded exports to a substantial degree. To sustain this position the government contemplates seeking a loan in, if not from, the United States. If it gets one, Dr. Malan will not need for some time to do anything drastic enough to disturb relations between English and Afrikaners or between Gentiles and Jews. But if in the next few years the economic situation in this race-ridden country takes a decisive turn for the worse, it is not only helpless Africans or voteless Indians who will find themselves attacked.

Lobotomy: Savior or Destroyer?

BY MARTIN GUMPERT

MANY thousands of Americans have already been "lobotomized," and we may expect more thousands to be treated by psychosurgery in the near future. Frontal lobotomy (or lobectomy) is the surgical destruction of part of the white matter of the frontal lobes of the brain as a means of improving the patient's mental condition. The technique was first employed by the Portuguese physicians Egas Maniz and Almeida Lima in 1935 and has since been simplified and improved. The surgical process consists in interrupting the pathways between the frontal lobes of the brain and an area of the thalamus—the supposed center of emotions. It can be performed today by skilled operators with a minimum of vital risk.

Subjects for the operation are patients suffering from schizophrenia, involutional depression, obsessive states, psychoneurosis, intractable pain, chronic alcoholism, epilepsy, and sexual perversions. Lobotomy causes the patient to become quiet and rather cheerful, and such distressing symptoms as crying spells, agitation, anxiety, violence, and fear disappear. Obsessive thoughts may persist, but they lose their disturbing character. To observers the patient seems better, no longer an object of worry and concern. He also feels better, as soon as some immediate post-operative disturbances have disappeared. His social adjustment has definitely improved, or at least so it seems. The earliest observers of the effects of the operation were surprised to find the patient's intellectual capacities apparently unchanged—routine intelligence tests showed no deterioration, perhaps even improvement. An extraordinarily promising treatment for mental disturbances seemed to have been discovered.

DR. GUMPERT writes frequently for The Nation *on new developments in medicine.*

Lobotomy is a new and exciting chapter in aggressive psychiatry, which recently has also developed narcoanalysis, insulin shock, and electric shock. These new techniques were evolved largely as a result of profound disappointment with long-term, dogmatic psychoanalysis. It was necessary to find some psychotherapeutic short cut by which mental patients could be restored to health within reasonable limits of time and expense.

Every new medical discovery requires a period of critical revaluation, and lobotomy is now undergoing such a test. Certain mental damage which was entirely overlooked at the beginning is being recognized and defined. Dr. Kurt Goldstein, who is perhaps the foremost living authority on the psychological consequences of brain injuries, has found that lobotomy causes the impairment of a high mental function which he calls the "abstract attitude."

What is the abstract attitude? "Our actions are determined not so much by the objects before us as by the way we think about them," says Goldstein. Our faculty of abstraction enables us to detach the ego from the given outer or inner situation, voluntarily to assume a mental position, to shift voluntarily from one aspect of a situation to another and to make a choice, to grasp the essential of a given whole and break up a whole into parts, to plan ahead, and to think or act symbolically.

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It is perfectly possible for people to lead satisfactory lives without making use of their faculty of abstraction. Its lack, therefore, is easily overlooked. Members of the family are delighted to see the patient relieved from his disagreeable symptoms. He may act and feel quite normally. However, under certain conditions disturbing consequences may become apparent. Indeed, the question arises whether the operation is not more beneficial to the patient's family than to himself.

Patients who have undergone lobotomy are described as passive and docile and senselessly cheerful. A woman may act the perfect hostess when the guests arrive, if she has been told to do so. But whereas she was a careful housewife before, looking after everything down to the last detail, she now does not care how the house is run. She still reads many books, but she does not understand their contents. Another patient is friendly and orderly but does nothing and says nothing spontaneously. She does not seem to desire anything. She undresses in the evening only when told. "It always appears necessary literally to push her into action by a concrete situation. . . . However much the behavior of such patients may appear undisturbed in everyday-life activities, it differs essentially from normal," concludes Dr. Goldstein. Thus what appears as social adjustment is not an active participation in the life of a group but a passive state of being imbedded in the group. As Dr. Lauren H. Smith of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital has said: "The operation may produce a human vegetable. . . . Relatives say, 'He has lost his soul.' "

Grave doubt, therefore, arises as to whether this "rape of soul," this permanent destruction or change of personality, should be permitted without proper legal controls. There are legal controls for the prescription of narcotics, the abortion of pregnant women, commitment to mental institutions. But in the treatment of a mental disturbance the patient is less protected than in the removal of his appendix. Reliable experts like Goldstein believe that the operation should be recommended only for those who suffer severely, who cannot be helped by any other method, and who may have to be institutionalized for their entire lives. It should never be used, in Goldstein's opinion, in diseases where spontaneous recovery may be expected. It should not be attempted with young persons, not even with young schizophrenics. Lobotomy may be highly beneficial in otherwise hopeless cases of mental disturbance, but before recommending it one should take into most careful consideration the personality of the patient, his immediate environment, his future aspirations and duties, and the damage which may be caused.

It is quite possible that future research will develop reliable methods for improving mental conditions by surgery without permanently damaging the personality. Until we have advanced that far, lobotomy should be performed only with the consent of two or three medical experts who have given the case thorough consideration. This would lift a responsibility from the individual physician which no single person should be asked to bear, and which society should take on only after wise and honest counsel. Lobotomy is a pact with the devil in which one may pay too dearly.

London *Express*—Canada Wide

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The Ilse Koch Case

BY SAUL K. PADOVER

IN APRIL, 1947, Frau Ilse Koch, the red-headed widow of the Buchenwald commandant, appeared before a United States military tribunal. Her husband, Karl, had been proved a mass murderer, sadist, and thief; and evidence at her trial showed that the "Queen of Buchenwald" had shared in the innumerable atrocities at the camp. She was notorious for her collection of tattooed human skin, some of it flayed off people while they were still alive. Frau Koch used the skin for lampshades and handbags. When the Americans entered Buchenwald in April, 1945, I saw a number of these articles, and the horror of it has never quite left me.

The United States military tribunal condemned the Koch woman to life imprisonment. A few weeks ago our military authorities decided that the lady had apparently endured enough suffering—including sexual contact and pregnancy while in prison!—and commuted her sentence to four years. Four years, the Deputy Judge Advocate's office decided, was a "legal, fair, and just" sentence. She is to be a free woman in October, 1949.

General Lucius D. Clay, who signed the commutation order, admitted that Ilse Koch was a "depraved character" who "would be better off if she were left in prison for life." His explanation of the commutation was that "the most serious charges were based on hearsay and not on factual evidence." Undoubtedly, he said, she had done many things punishable under German law. "We were not trying her for those things. We were trying her as a war criminal on specific charges."

Yet an American judge and eight jurors had condemned her, on the evidence, to life imprisonment. Surely they were more competent to pass judgment than some late-coming officer who was not present at the trial. The American prosecuting attorney, William Dowdell Denson, has protested that the reduction of the sentence is "disgusting and shameful." He has pointed out that ten witnesses testified against this "depraved woman" and her "trafficking in human skin." His assistant, Robert L. Kunzig, now deputy Attorney General of Pennsylvania, joined him in saying recently: "The evidence was more than ample to sustain the sentence of the court."

But the Kochs were such efficient criminals that much of the evidence against them had disappeared. "The best witnesses to Ilse Koch's misconduct," Prosecutor Denson pointed out in a letter to the New York *Times*, "were not present at the trial—they had long since departed this life and had gone up the chimney of the crematory in smoke." Dr. Eugen Kogon, editor of the monthly *Frankfurter Hefte*, has made a similar observation. The numerous dead for whom she was responsible, he says, could not, obviously, come to court to testify against her. Kogon, whom I know as a brilliant and brave anti-fascist, spent seven years in Buchenwald. His book, "Der S. S. Staat," contains enough data on people like the Kochs to hang them several times. Recently Kogon said to an American interviewer:

> I remember the day when she ordered 3,000 men to strip naked and stand still for three hours while she watched us. Those that dared to look back at her were arrested and disposed of. I remember when she spent 250,000 marks building a horseback riding ring, plus the lives of twenty-five prisoners, killed because they were working too slow. . . . It was a common sight to see Mrs. Koch conducting a tour of the "museum" [where executed prisoners' heads were shrunk and bottled for display]. She was our master. She was the voice of death.

Dr. Paul Heller, now a practicing physician in Washington, D. C., spent six years in Buchenwald and recalls Ilse well. He says:

> I remember her, red-haired, riding her horse and laughing, riding over pitiful humans. I helped build her arena, and she trampled workmen, on her horse. . . . She had beautiful lampshades made of fair white skin tattooed with obscene designs, and the lamplight in her apartment sent rays on tiny mummified heads. . . . Aren't skulls and skeletons from her home evidence enough for General Clay?

The United States is now building up Germany, and even criminal Nazis are no longer being treated as criminals. Perhaps it is necessary to jog our memories of the past. I happen to possess a complete set of the full statements made by hundreds of Buchenwald inmates, written down immediately upon the liberation of the camp by our troops. Most of them are so horrible that they cannot be printed. But I will give here a condensation of some of them.

Buchenwald was considered a "model" camp. It was not primarily an extermination factory like Ausschwitz or Lublin but a place which exploited the labor of its prisoners. Those who could no longer work were liquidated, as were most Jews and nearly all Russian prisoners of war. Something like 50,000 human beings were de-

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stroyed there. Koch's motto was: *"In meinem Lager gibt es keine Kranken; hier gibt's nur Gesunde oder Tote"* (In my camp there are no sick; there are only the healthy and the dead).

Tortures were a daily feature of the camp under the Kochs. Prisoner Willy Appel (No. 582), of Gluen near Scheuditz, said:

> I was ill and had to go to the toilet. For this I was punished with a half-hour of "tree hanging." My hands were tied behind my back and I was hoisted to a hook on a pole two meters from the ground. The pain in my dislocated shoulders was frightful. I hung for only half an hour, but thirty to forty of my comrades on that day remained suspended for more than three hours. Wails, screams, and moans filled the air. The *Scharrführer* beat us with a cudgel on the feet, face, and genitals. The beaten screamed, pleaded for a quick death. Those who did not die went insane.

Philip Kohl (No. 1538), of Vilbel, near Frankfurt, was a mason who helped build the crematoriums. He watched Russian prisoners shot in the back and then shoveled into the cellar in a heap to await burning. "From the bodies below there came wails and moans. Many had recovered consciousness when they hit the floor." They were burned as they were. Kohl also saw Russian prisoners put into the ovens without the mercy of a bullet.

Koch instituted experiments on live human beings and vivisection, but these things are too terrible to describe. His zoo and his house of prostitution are a sufficiently grim commentary on Nazi sadism. The zoo included an aviary in which birds of prey—falcons, eagles, hawks—were trained to sharpen their claws on the prisoners who tended them. The animals in the zoo—deer, boars, foxes, apes, and bears—consumed an inordinate amount of precious food, and this was, of course, the cream of the jest. The famished prisoner-attendants, who lived on a sixth of a pound of dry bread and turnips a day, had to feed the beasts meat, honey, marmalade, milk, oatmeal, and white bread. The slavering prisoners, their skins torn by bird and beast, provided the S. S. with amusement.

Karl Gärtz, of Ketzschen, describes the brothel:

> At first it was under the supervision of two S. S. women, who behaved like any other whores. They not only slept with the S. S. men, but also went to bed with inmates who could pay them with food. They served as procuresses for the S. S. Since the women inmates in the brothel were as hungry as the other prisoners, they took only food as compensation, and this led the criminal elements in the camp to "organize" edibles. . . . Later the S. S. women were replaced by S. S. men, but there was no change in policy.

The Kochs lived in luxury. While the rest of Germany, including the S. S. Guards, were on war-time rations, the Koch cellar was full of hoarded foods and liquors. In April, 1940, Karl Diez, of Dortmund, was made a trusty and appointed to the privileged position of Koch's house servant. Suffering from hunger and beatings, he one day took two bottles of Bordeaux from the Koch cupboard and drank them with another trusty. He said in his statement:

> Frau Koch . . . caught us and denounced us to her husband. First we were struck in the face with whips; then we had to crawl up to the block, where we were tied and gagged and given twenty-five lashes on the back. Returned to the bunker, we had to bend our knees a hundred times. Then we were made to stand for hours in the heat on the dump heap. Afterward I was hung on the grating door for three hours, my hands tied high behind my back. For months afterward my arms were painful.

Some time later Dietz was sent back to the Kochs as a domestic. While her husband was away on trips, Frau Ilse entertained two lovers. At night she had Camp Leader Florstedt. During the day her lover was Dr. Hoven, the chief medical sadist in the camp. While Hoven visited Ilse, Dietz was locked up in a room, sometimes all day. Frau Koch subjected Dietz to a particularly painful form of punishment—she forbade him to use the toilet. In his great need, he used to crawl down to the cellar, where he used coal to cover up. Ilse caught him in the act. "You're going to the crematorium," she told him. Then Dr. Hoven came down and threw him a rope. "Hang yourself," he said.

For his brutality in Buchenwald Koch was rewarded with a bigger job. In February, 1942, he was made commandant at Lublin, one of the most gruesome murder factories in Europe. In the end it was his ill-gotten wealth, not his atrocities, that were his undoing. Drunkard and lecher, he accumulated a fortune from bribery and robbing the inmates. His average monthly "take" was between 50,000 and 60,000 marks. Prisoner Franz Eichhorn, of Weimar, Koch's personal barber, testified that the Commandant gave his wife a diamond ring which he boasted cost 8,000 marks. His ostentatious style of living, his limousines and motor boats, aroused the cupidity of influential Nazis. Finally, his sworn enemy, the corrupt and sadistic Obergruppenführer Prince von Waldeck-Pyrmont, had enough on the Kochs to bring them to trial.

It is ironic that Karl and Ilse Koch, Dr. Hoven, and others connected with Buchenwald were not tried for mass atrocities but for the murder of two German inmates, Walter Krämer and Karl Peix. A succession of S. S. men testified that Koch had ordered the two men shot in order to keep them from telling anybody that they had treated him for syphilis. The Nazi court condemned Koch and Camp Leader Hackmann to death. Koch was executed by the S. S. a week before we liberated Buchenwald. His wife's life was spared.

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West Coast Waterfront Showdown

BY PHIZ MEZEY

San Francisco, October 23

THE day the longshoremen had open house at their new hiring-hall, the Embarcadero vibrated with their mass and motion. Thousands of stevedores coming off the docks and from across the bay jammed the red-pillared hall in a rush for free turkey and beer. The large, newly decorated room had the pungent copra smell of a ship's hold. As more and more workingmen came from the ships and docks, the crowd overflowed on to the street, and here and there men let off steam by bickering among themselves, but there were no incidents. By nightfall the hall had emptied, and the men had drifted home or into nearby bars. San Franciscans, by and large, overlooked the event.

Two weeks later a West Coast waterfront strike made daily headlines. One hundred and sixty-eight ships lay idle at the docks. In San Francisco alone some 10,000 men—longshoremen, marine cooks, firemen, and radio operators—were on strike, and thousands more were made idle by the walk-out. Small groups of silent pickets stood about in front of the piers or sat on crates and played cards.

The shipowners, through the Waterfront Employers' Association and the Pacific-American Shipowners' Association, maintain that wages and the hiring-hall are not real issues in the strike. They are willing to meet the union more than halfway on wages and vacations, they say, and have made concessions on the hiring-hall question, which they declare is a "purely academic argument." The leaders of the Marine Cooks and Stewards and of the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen "have never deviated from the Communist line," the shipowners insist. "They have been sabotaging the industry since 1934."

I took a bus ride to the waterfront to talk with the pickets. I found the men eager to discuss the strike. The oldtimers said they were striking to keep what they had fought for and won in 1934. The newcomers wanted better working conditions and higher wages. All of them knew they had to strike because, despite apparent concessions, the shipowners were out to smash the unions.

The attack upon Harry Bridges and the branding of the unions as Communist were nothing new to the strikers. These tactics, they pointed out, were used by the shipowners back in 1934 and again in 1936 and 1946. In a Congressional study of labor policies of employers' associations in the San Francisco Bay area from 1935 to 1939, the Senate Committee on Education and Labor described the activities of the employers' "negotiatory" associations. "The common thread of these activities," the report stated, "is the outward acceptance of the procedure of collective bargaining, accompanied by the development of 'pressure' tactics that preserve the maximum advantage to the employer." The tactics listed were the so-called suspension program, or lock-out, designed to destroy the collective-bargaining arrangement; the attempt to split or divide waterfront unions and thereby weaken their bargaining power; and attacks upon the leadership of an outstanding union designed to intimidate both leaders and men and damage the prestige of the union in the eyes of the public.

The men on the present picket line feel that the shipowners' methods have been streamlined but that their purpose is still the same. In a secret rank-and-file vote taken shortly before the shipowners' withdrawal of their "last offer" to the union, 11,821 of 12,212 longshoremen—including ship clerks, watchmen, and walking bosses—rejected the shipowners' proposals, and 11,669 out of 12,363 votes were cast against signing the non-Communist affidavit required by the Taft-Hartley act. This vote was duplicated in marine cooks' locals. (The firemen, although they had complied with the Taft-Hartley law, favored the strike by a large vote, as did the radio operators.)

Are, then, the Communists in the longshoremen's and marine cooks' unions 18,000 strong? The shipowners do not think so, although they have no other explanation for the overwhelming rejection of their program except a vague reference to the possibility that the ballots were tampered with, and a remark to the effect that "the longshore doesn't take in highly educated people."

"Communism has nothing to do with the strike issue," says Arthur McNeil, striking longshoreman. "The reason the men follow Bridges is because he's a real trade unionist. Nothing else. They know he'll never sell out." A Negro stevedore interjects: "We won't give up our hiring-hall. We don't want to go back to 1934. We'll stick it out forever. The hell with them." "No use being optimistic," says Johnny Maduro. "Taft-Hartley is tough. They're going to test Taft-Hartley in this union, and we're just going to sit down and let it rain."

Elvesta Nisby, wife of a Negro longshoreman, has been feeding and clothing her six children and the two

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children of her sister-in-law on $75 a week. Now her entire income has stopped, and she has no savings to help her. But as long as her husband is willing to stick it out, it is all right with her. When I brought up the Communist issue, she smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I don't bother about that," she said.

At Fort Mason, the Port of Embarkation employment office, the army was attempting to hire stevedores to load army ships, by-passing the union's hiring-hall. The picket and strike committees whipped into action: "Get the sound truck up fast!" "The picket committee says take some more men off the piers and throw a picket line around the employment office!" "There are too many men up there already; you can't leave the docks unprotected!" "Take it easy—no rough stuff, now!"

Harry Bridges Wrigley

"You want to know why men fight like that?" asked Johnny Maduro, pointing to a newspaper photograph of a clash between oil workers and police. "I'll show you why." He crossed his kitchen and tapped the wall over the sink. Above the faucets was a large hole. "Rats," he said. He opened the icebox, revealing empty shelves. Food in the Maduro home now is mainly rice and beans. "And look," he said, slapping down a bank book. "We were saving for a down-payment on a home—something decent, clean, neat. During the war I saved $2,000." The balance in his bank book read $29.53. "That's why men fight. Because they want to live like human beings. Stevedores today are responsible people, with wives and children. They think of buying a home. Like me, they want to live uptown, away from the waterfront smells."

WHEREVER I went I heard the same story. Conditions were bad before the strike. They would get worse during the strike. But the strike was the only way the men could stand up with dignity for the things they believed belonged to them as a democratic right. "We're not going to take off our hats to nobody," they said.

I mentioned to Maduro the fact that the shipowners had agreed to an increase of 10 cents an hour and made concessions to the union's hiring-hall demands. Maduro replied that in exchange for allowing the union to keep the contract it already had, the shipowners had come up with three additional demands: that the hiring-halls should not be used to send longshoremen to companies not members of the W. E. A.; that business agents of the union be barred from speaking to the men on the docks without the consent of the employers; that the union should agree to waive its rights to statutory overtime after forty hours. This last demand, which involves many legal technicalities, was a move to sidestep a recent Supreme Court decision on statutory overtime. As for the hiring-hall issue, the employers are pressing charges against a union-controlled hiring-hall before the National Labor Relations Board. "The hiring-hall is the life of the union," Maduro said. "If we lose that, we've lost everything."

There are still other reasons for the longshoremen's determination to sit the strike out. "Our men really work for their money," said the wife of Bob Rohatch. "Sometimes Bob'll make seventy-five a week, and sometimes only thirty or forty. He hasn't made eighty in a long time. And this year he had his first vacation in eleven years." If a longshoreman puts in less than 1,344 hours in a work year, he is not entitled to a vacation. According to shipowner estimates, something over 5,000 men—four out of every ten—will get no vacation this year. The unions asked for liberalization of the requirement. The shipowners came up with a counter-proposal that would have benefited men working under 1,344 hours a year but injured others.

The nature of the work makes it sporadic. Sometimes a job will last four days, sometimes only a day or two. Under the union's plugboard-and-gang system, pay is equalized for all members over a period of time, but each man's weekly income is erratic. Another thing: longshoremen must be on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The union asked for Sundays off. The shipowners compromised on one unspecified day off a week for each longshoreman. The union asked for a maximum shift of eight hours. Because they live so far from the docks, most of the men leave home at five in the morning and, if there is work, put in a ten-hour day. The employers offered a maximum nine-hour shift but with so many conditions attached that it was unacceptable.

A year ago, at a union meeting attended by 4,000 longshoremen, those who had suffered injuries on the job were asked to raise their hands. About 95 per cent of the men responded. Originally the union proposed a health-insurance and pension plan. The shipowners answered, "Any such plan would be subject to the defects of the present vacation provision, and would substantially increase labor costs, which are already exorbitant." The union later dropped its health demands.

At this writing the outcome seems a matter of who can stand the gaff the longest. With independent stevedoring companies bidding for army contracts and longshore gangs loading army ships, the unions have at present the upper hand. But the shipowners' associations declare, "We'll hold out as long as it is economically feasible." The strikers answer, "Our solidarity will outlast theirs."

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Search for an Idea

PERSUADE OR PERISH. By Wallace Carroll. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

ON NOVEMBER 20, 1944, after the armies of the Western powers had been stopped before the Siegfried Line and the German water defenses in the Netherlands, General Eisenhower "appealed to Washington and London to renew the search for an idea which would speed the effort of his armies and save the lives of his men." It was not his first appeal; but again the "decisive idea" was not forthcoming, in spite of the fact that since the beginning of the war many able specialists in Washington, New York, and London had been racking their brains for a solution to the problem of how to break the German home front by means of ideas transmitted through the spoken and written word.

Mr. Carroll was one of these. From September, 1942, until the end of the war he held a high position in the Office of War Information, first as chief of the London Bureau, then as deputy director in charge of propaganda to Germany—the crucial job. "Persuade or Perish" tells the story of his and his coworkers' efforts, of their many tactical successes and their glaring strategic failure. In addition, Mr. Carroll draws some valuable conclusions from his experiences as an American propagandist.

The tactical successes of the OWI saved many lives and were a thousand times worth their small cost. Of the total expenditure of $110,800,000 for the Oversea Branch of the OWI not more than $15,000,000 was spent on propaganda to Germany. The British expenditure was much higher; yet the combined outlay amounted to only "1 per cent of the money spent on the attempt to break the German home front by bombing"—the distasteful mass bombing of cities. This cruder effort, which was also doomed to failure, took the lives of more than 150,000 American and English airmen; it cost the United States more than $43,000,000,000—the cost to England was on a comparable scale; and we are justified in adding to this figure the vast sums which we have been paying since the end of the war to undo the worst consequences of the material destruction that was achieved.

Throughout its existence the OWI had to fight not only the enemy propaganda machines abroad but also a widespread and obstinate native ignorance of what psychological warfare is, of its principles, possibilities, limitations, and requirements. The quoted figures reveal not merely the value which our war leaders, in the White House, the Pentagon Building, and Congress alike, put on the propaganda weapon; they also express exactly, on the one hand, the technical forwardness which made us rely on supergadgets more than was necessary or practical and, on the other, the isolationist political backwardness which led to the subordination of our war-time foreign policy, in so far as it existed, to military strategy. After Pearl Harbor the soldier gave orders to the statesman instead of remaining his subordinate, and the land of the free and the brave, the new world of the revolutionary doctrine that all men are created equal, the great union of free states toward which the hopes and good-will of all the oppressed or threatened nations gravitated, fought in an artificial ideological vacuum as if wars were isolated contests of mere physical powers and skills, unrelated to past or future. At best the great ideas of our heritage were held in storage for use after victory; at worst they were contradicted by opportunist deeds. Compromising deals with Vichy, Darlan, the "moronic little king," Greek and Arab feudalists, Franco, Stalin, and Chiang Kai-chek—all these were but the logical and unavoidable consequences of an essentially physical set-up. In the absence of ideas the soldier in the field, left to his own devices, had no choice but to help himself as well as he could. (That General Eisenhower felt the lack of ideas and went on asking for them is another proof of his stature.)

There were those, of course, at home and abroad, who quickly discovered a conspiracy of reactionary villains at work—as they had been quick to excuse the Russian attack on Finland and Stalin's alliance with Hitler on the very ground of military necessity which they could not detect behind American actions. But, more important, all over Europe the hopes of suppressed peoples sank as they saw the champion of freedom, who had come to liberate them, trafficking with their oppressors. Mr. Carroll does a valuable job in tracing down the repercussions which this first disappointment with America produced; he is convincing when he points out that we are still suffering from the consequences.

However, if the disappointing ideological debut of the American army in North Africa made the task of the propagandist more difficult, the victories of the same army made his work easier by increasing the already great possibility of arousing the people of Europe, especially the Germans, to overthrow the Nazis and to bring the war to a productive end—an end followed by peace, not by a cold war. By that time the OWI had overcome the numerous difficulties of its grotesque beginnings and, having evolved effective techniques of radio and leaflet propaganda, was equipped to carry explosive ideas into every hamlet and every enemy post in Europe. It is one of the war's saddest features that this weapon was never really used except in minor skirmishes with the overestimated Goebbels.

Yet it could not have been otherwise, for the development of the necessary "decisive idea" had been cut short by the empty, purely negative slogan of "Unconditional Surrender" with which the Voice of America had to shout itself hoarse after the conference of Casablanca. America's decisive idea turned out to be the atom bomb, not a forceful plan for the peace to come, not a great concept firing the imagination of the apathetic victims of Nazi deceit and collaborationist cynicism.

The adoption of the slogan "Unconditional Surrender," which has been called the greatest psychological blunder of the war, receives an extensive if in-

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complete airing by Mr. Carroll. Though he has tried to find out who invented it, and to what purpose, its origin and meaning remain obscure, unless one is willing to accept the appalling theory that it was carelessly and casually formulated. Mr. Carroll thinks that it was designed to keep the war coalition together—as if Stalin could have been kept by two words from doing as he saw fit; to keep our home-front morale high—as if the American and English people were wavering; and to prevent another German demagogue from saying that Germany had been tricked into surrendering—as if it were not the essence of the effective big lie to be at odds with the most obvious facts. One would expect Mr. Carroll to be among those who condemn the slogan which put all Germans into the same boat with their Nazi masters and the Allied propagandist into a strait-jacket; but Mr. Carroll accepts the flimsy arguments for the alleged soundness of the slogan, and his final verdict is that "the policy of Unconditional Surrender did not prolong the war against Germany." All too modest a consolation. This statement is also quite beside the point: the policy of Unconditional Surrender—if it can be called a policy—and the propaganda based on it enabled and even forced Germany to fight on in the face of certain defeat until it was completely beaten and occupied. Beyond this point no war can be prolonged. The pertinent question is whether another policy, one more in accord with the positive ideals of the American Revolution, could have shortened the war.

Mr. Carroll's book is well written, informative, and stimulating. It suffers occasionally from rash statements; the author seems a bit too certain of too many things. The OWI was of course not the originator of Unconditional Surrender but one of its victims. But even in the minor field that was left to the propagandist difficult problems arose, and quite naturally the correct solutions were not always found. Although rightly keeping away from the numerous and often paralyzing inner-office struggles, Mr. Carroll does touch upon his own resignation as chief of the London Bureau. He gives as his reasons a lack of support from the Oversea Branch in New York. Commenting on the subsequent resignation of the heads of this office—Joseph Barnes, James P. Warburg, and Edd Johnson—he flatly accuses them of mismanagement but does not, unfortunately, substantiate his charges. This seems unfair, not only to the men concerned but also to the reader, who has no way of judging who is right.

In his final chapter Mr. Carroll lists many mistakes made in Washington during the time between the end of the war and the inauguration of the Marshall Plan. He argues with eloquence that we must fight the hostile propaganda which distorts our motives, that "like our forefathers, out of a decent respect for the opinion of mankind, we must put our case before the world." One may agree with him on this point, and yet find the alternative—"persuade or perish"—misleading. With all the loudspeakers on, deeds will continue to speak louder than words.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Melville in Europe

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO LONDON AND THE CONTINENT. By Herman Melville. 1849-1850. Edited by Eleanor Melville Metcalf. Harvard University Press. $3.75.

MELVILLE, at the age of thirty, was already a successful and popular writer, though by no means—given the economics of the profession in his day—a prosperous one, when he took ship for England with the manuscript of "White Jacket" in his carpet-bag for the sake of hawking it about among English publishers and circumventing thus the mischievous workings of the copyright machinery. On this trip, which took him away from his young wife and their baby boy for three or four months, he kept a sketchy sort of journal; and though it has by no means the kind of rich literary interest that Hawthorne's or James's notebooks have—for Melville did not take to journalizing as they did—it abounds in biographical interest, nevertheless. The late Raymond Weaver, when he wrote his pioneering life of Melville nearly thirty years ago, quoted freely from this journal, and quoted, on the whole, skilfully. But Weaver, who had fine qualities as a biographer, was temperamentally incapable of painstaking accuracy, and here as elsewhere his reading of Melville's manuscript was impressionistic and cavalier.

The whole journal has now been edited and published by Melville's granddaughter, Mrs. Metcalf, with full and valuable notes and in a text that we may be sure is an accurate one. Melville, for example, did not misquote Milton as badly as Weaver made him do, and he did not describe a young passenger on the boat over as "very romantic" but only as "my roommate." Mrs. Metcalf corrects, one assumes, all these eccentric readings of Weaver's, and what is more interesting, she has somehow deciphered two or three passages which Melville himself had more or less inked out and which Weaver gave up as a bad job. They are not of transcendent importance, but one does discover, in one passage, evidence of a rather unexpected—and momentary—violence in Melville in his response to people; the wife of the American Minister in London, when he first met her, aroused an animosity in him such as he must rarely have felt: "She belongs to that category of the female sex there are no words to express my abhorrence of. I hate her not—I only class her among the persons made of reptiles and crawling things."

A few weeks later, after meeting poor Mrs. Lawrence again in Paris, Melville found her so pleasant that he took back these passionate remarks remorsefully, and they certainly do not seem characteristic of his ordinary tenor: they only tell us what a tiger pit of irritable emotionality lay concealed, for the most part, in his nature. In general he liked the people he encountered on this voyage—his recluse habits were well in the future—and he found particularly congenial a young German American scholar, George Adler, with whom he sat up night after night, both on the boat and later, drinking whiskey punches and talking "Hegel, Schlegel, Kant, etc." One's impressions of Melville at this time, indeed, are not of nervous irritability—despite his occasional homesickness—but of a still youthful and outgoing lightheartedness, springiness, and eagerness for new experience. He scrambles up the mainmast of the boat like a young sailor; he plays boyish practical jokes on his friend Adler and plays shuffleboard and whist with his

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fellow-passengers; in London, in Paris, along the Rhine, he is continually on the go, seeing every *Sehenswürdigkeit* in the guidebooks and more besides—churches, monuments, galleries, and museums, even the zoo in Regent's Park, with its "fine giraffes"; witnessing the hanging of Mr. and Mrs. Manning, the murderous pair at whose last moments Dickens also, unbeknown to Melville, was looking on; and forming quite different impressions, as at the Hôtel de Cluny in Paris, which were later to work their way up and out from his memory as great metaphors in "Moby Dick" and elsewhere.

Destitute as it is of any literary quality of its own—you would hardly gather from it that Melville was a writer at all, and this is highly characteristic—his London journal has too much of himself in it not to be a document of great value. Mrs. Metcalf, whose skill as an editor is wholly admirable, has also included an early portrait, hitherto unused in print, which without being a really *good* portrait hints just fully enough at what the youthful Melville was like to be decidedly worth having.

NEWTON ARVIN

Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin

THREE WHO MADE A REVOLUTION. By Bertram D. Wolfe. The Dial Press. $5.

MR. WOLFE has a rich and fascinating story to tell, and he does full justice to it. "Three Who Made a Revolution" is at once a collective biography of Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin and a history of the immediate background of the Russian Revolution. In both its aspects it is consistently lucid, authoritative, and readable. You have the sense of a historian so long immersed in the material that his mastery of it is always fluent and expert. The result is clearly the best available study on the prelude to the ten days that shook the world.

In an opening chapter Mr. Wolfe summarizes the story of Russia down to the end of the nineteenth century. Then he sketches the Russian revolutionary movement, that eerie compound of fantasy, frustration, and fulfilment, with the dedicated and indomitable figure of Lenin moving to the foreground and finally dominating the whole picture. Trotsky and Stalin enter at their proper times—Stalin some time after the date which Soviet hagiography assigns to his first prominence. Wolfe's characterization of all three is dispassionate, vivid, and convincing. And he scores a particular success with some of the minor characters stirring in the lower depths of pre-revolution—Malinovsky, the agent-provocateur who served both Lenin and the police and whom Lenin protected and cherished; Father George Gapon, who began as a police stooge, became a leader of the workingmen, and ended by helping precipitate the revolution of 1905. "Three Who Made a Revolution" comes to an end with the outbreak of the First World War.

How does Wolfe deal with the problem which has so long preoccupied radicals: Would the Russian Revolution have been any different if Lenin had lived longer, or if Trotsky had triumphed? He does not take up the question directly in this volume, of course, but the outlines of his probable solution emerge. He has strikingly little of the nostalgia for Lenin—or, indeed, of any of the emotions of personal bitterness or regret—which obsess so many ex-Communists. But he does portray a Lenin who had moments of insight into that problem of the bureaucratization of power which now appears to be the fundamental problem of the U. S. S. R. Wolfe quotes Lenin's aphorism of 1905: "Whoever attempts to achieve socialism by any other route than that of political democracy will inevitably arrive at the most absurd and reactionary results, both political and economic"; and adds as his own judgment, "Up to his seizure of power in 1917 Lenin always remained by conviction a democrat, however much his temperament and will and the organizational structure of his party may have conflicted with his democratic convictions." One may wonder what is the substance of a conviction that conflicts with temperament and will, but Wolfe is probably right in asserting that an option remained open in Lenin's own thinking.

What closed that option was, of course, "the organizational structure of his party." Here Trotsky had the crucial insight, when he predicted that Lenin's centralism would lead to a situation where "the organization of the party takes the place of the party itself, the Central Committee takes the place of the organization, and finally the dictator takes the place of the Central Committee." Yet Trotsky, like Lenin, lacked the essential conviction to stand by his aphorism. He soon accepted the Leninist conception of organization—that is, he accepted the machine which, in his own subsequent words, "was not created by Stalin but created him." Wolfe's judgment seems to me entirely sound: "Once having accepted Lenin's machine and organization doctrine, Trotsky thenceforth reduced himself from the role of a genuine critic of 'Stalinism' to that of a pretender denouncing a usurper."

An entertaining sidelight of the book is Wolfe's cold war against the Soviet "historians." Those still insisting on a difference between Communist Russia and Nazi Germany so far as intellectual

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freedom is concerned will get small consolation from "Three Who Made a Revolution." Totalitarianism everywhere converts history into a subdivision of hagiology; and Wolfe documents in considerable detail the process by which the Communists have corrupted records and falsified texts. It is a cheerless world—the one to which Mr. Wallace and his friends would deliver the rest of Europe.

Though it is nowhere so stated, one would gather—and hope—that "Three Who Made a Revolution" is only the first volume of a series. If the book on the revolution and on the twenties maintains the high standard of this first volume, we shall finally have what we have long needed—a literate and scholarly panorama of the rise and triumph of communism in Russia. In view of Wofe's justified criticism of the American publisher of Souvarine's "Lenin" for throwing out the bibliographical notes in the French edition, it is perhaps permissible to hope that Wolfe's next volume will have some better system of citation, even if this involves the heresy of footnotes for every quotation. In any case, one can look forward to the next volume with the highest anticipation. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Sancta Simplicitas

THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN. By Thomas Merton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

MR. MERTON begins altogether too many sentences with the word "however"; and whatever silence the rule of his order may have imposed on his speech, it does not seem to have enjoined a certain prolixity of the written word. If a layman, however remote, may without impertinence offer spiritual counsel or suggest acts of penance, our brother would be well advised to a more Lenten abstention from verbiage; not to intrude the sermon on the narrative; to let the parable speak without the interruption of the too explicit; to point the sermons and mediations with sharper bite and drive. God is not glorified by redundant prose.

These admonitions uttered, it should be added that "The Seven Storey Mountain," though it does not fulfil the expectations of the title, nor yet quite seem to justify Mr. Waugh's jacket claim to permanent interest, nor even Clare Boothe Luce's more modest warrant of a century, has, nevertheless, a rather touching, not quite pathetic appeal. It is not a great spiritual autobiography—one supposes that Frater M. Louis would consider himself guilty of the most sinful pride to think of it as such—and the full and worldly life which he led (so his publishers say) before his conversion seems to have been quite callow and jejune. But the author does have goodness, innocence of heart, and sensitivity. And decency. He can love, and he can praise. His family, his friends, his teachers (particularly Mark Van Doren), France a great deal, England somewhat less, his present abode—all are commemorated with honest warmth of heart.

Not all with Mr. Merton's endowment are called to the Cistercians of the Strict Observance; not all so endowed refuse to deny their gift. With brief orison, *ex partibus infidelium,* that his example may prove illuminating to—shall we say—the New York City Board of Education, let us leave him the last word by quoting a passage much more sectarian than he might select, much better written than many he might prefer, not without the injunction to charity, either:

When I think now of that part of my childhood, the picture I get of my brother John Paul is this: standing in a field, about a hundred yards away from the clump of sumachs where we have built our hut, is this little perplexed five-year-old kid in short pants and a kind of leather jacket, standing quite still, with his arms hanging down at his sides, and gazing in our direction, afraid to come any nearer on account of the stones, as insulted as he is saddened, and his eyes full of indignation and sorrow. And yet he does not go away. We shout at him to get out of there, to beat it, and go home, and wing a couple of more rocks in that direction, and he does not go away. We tell him to play in some other place. He does not move. And there he stands, not sobbing, not crying, but angry and offended and tremendously sad. And yet he is fascinated by what we are doing, nailing shingles all over our new hut. And his tremendous desire to be with us and to do what we are doing will not permit him to go away. The law written in his nature says that he must be with his elder brother, and do what he is doing: and he cannot understand why this law of love is being so wildly and unjustly violated in his case.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Sassoon's Meredith

MEREDITH. A Biography. By Siegfried Sassoon. The Viking Press. $3.50.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON is curiously well fitted to write on George Meredith. Like Drake, Tom Jones, and the Son of Shropshire, Sassoon is a member of that eternal English generation, the lightfoot lads. Like these three, and like Mr. Meredith's Nevil Beauchamp and Richard Feverel, Sassoon was a youth of simple enthusiasms, outdoor habits, and pure instincts who promised a good forty years of boyishness. His forty years have elapsed, but now, having given up the pursuit of the inedible for fairer if bigger game, Mr. Sassoon approaches in temperament and taste those latter-day lightfoot lads, Tom Redworth and Vernon Whitford.

Directness, therefore, is to be expected, and here Sassoon does not disappoint. His book is what is known as a straight biography, treating of birth and behavior, love and labor, marriage and mortality. Mercurial brilliance, however is out of the question. Sassoon is no literary Holmes. Most of his facts, indeed, may be found in S. M. Ellis's earlier work. But there are good touches. The first Mrs. Meredith, for instance, is set down as "the daughter of one who had been a friend of Shelley." And surely this is a wise, if not exhaustive remark to make about the beloved of a man who could see "an old hat in the Louvre" and straight off think of "the brain of the lightening of battles." Moreover, in his extensive quotations Sassoon includes some brilliant contemporary impressions of Meredith. Morley, Gosse, Chesterton, and Hardy—an Olympian collection of reportorial genius—describe for us, and incidentally for Mr. Sassoon, the gestures, wit, and conversation of the great man. And the great man, in letter and story, proclaims his attitudes and aims. There

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are few writers so quotable as Meredith, and Mr. Sassoon provides an admirable selection.

Unfortunately, Sassoon himself says very little about these attitudes and aims. He does, to be sure, pay sympathetic tribute to Meredith's natural descriptions, saying correctly and in fine style, "He is the poet of nature in action and the joy of earth. At any season of the year he stands the test of being thought about when one is out of doors." But, assuredly, Meredith demands indoor concentration as well, and it is precisely the sheltered life of art and intellect that Sassoon neglects. His literary judgments, when he gives them, are quite conventional. He considers "The Egoist" unique, ranks "Modern Love" with Shakespeare's sonnets, finds "The Tragic Comedians" a failure, and sets "One of Our Conquerors" aside as too complicated. "Richard Feverel" is young love, by a young lover for young lovers. Moreover, I say "when he gives them" advisedly. For in too many cases Sassoon, protesting that he is but an amateur, allows others to formulate his conclusions. But when a man writes a book on Meredith in which Orlo Williams reviews "The Egoist," W. E. Henley summarizes "Diana of the Crossways," and Desmond MacCarthy illumines "One of Our Conquerors," then, certainly, diffidence passes into laziness, and the aggravated reader is entitled to exclaim with Emerson, "Enough of these quotations. Tell me what you think."

Should he follow Emerson's advice and refrain from quotation, the aggravated reader will at least want to know what Meredith thinks. Of course, much good work, notably by Trevelyan, Beach, and Priestley, has already been done on Meredith's thought, and Mr. Sassoon is within his rights in asserting that "it is no part of my business to estimate him as a thinker." Yet there is more than a syllable's difference between examination and estimation, and in any case it is doubtful whether any book on Meredith can safely dispense with a synoptic study of the comic spirit, the Pilgrim's Script, and "the heart female." These are the unique elements in Meredith's world; to miss them is to conceive the great advocate of brain, brainless; it is to misplace him utterly. For Meredith's environment is that swept landscape and rarefied air where meaning is compressed and comprehension quick; his sphere is empyrean, his age titanic, not Victorian. But Mr. Sassoon, subordinating brain to body, writes of earth, not high heaven, and as a result he conveys nothing of Meredith's glorious pace and heady cheer. The works and days are there, but the man is missing. His motive power, his spirit, or, as Meredith would say, his brain, eludes the diarist; it answers, perhaps, an invocation to the muse. But as a lightfoot lad Mr. Sassoon's sense of reality is too concrete to rely on such a spiritual summons. Accordingly, he sees and appreciates Meredith, but he cannot capture him. And though Mr. Sassoon's book is probably the best of the *lives*, it falls short of its possibilities. For Meredith himself has written the definitive work.

JOSEPH KRAFT

A Most Extended Crush

ANSWER TO QUESTION 33. By Christopher Sykes. William Sloane Associates. $2.50.

MR. SYKES never falls into that most tiresome error of writers of semi-autobiographical novels, the assumption that the simple reporting of the odd and the esoteric makes significant fiction. "Answer to Question 33" is laid in far places. Its picture of Levantine society is brilliant. The writing is unpretentious, urbane, and witty. For all this, it is a bad book.

The hero is bedazzled for twenty years by a noble and worthless English county family, their great house, and their sluttish daughter, one of those women about whom we are told that their fascination is perpetual, although just why is never quite clear. His is the most extended crush in English fiction since that recorded by Evelyn Waugh in "Brideshead Revisited." At one point he does have an affair with an Italian anti-Fascist who is finally driven into the arms of the Communists by the perfidious dealings of the British in the Near East. In the end he is left alone. This is a ridiculous fabric, but so are the plots of many excellent novels.

Mr. Sykes sees quite clearly that although long-drawn-out and one-sided passions are often part of the human lot, they are debilitating and likely to be somewhat absurd. Surely it is a deliberate irony that the hero finally gets his Caroline—once—only when, like Candide with Cunegunde, everyone else has had her. But this very irony, this nervous awareness of one's own absurdity, is the ruin of the novel, springing as it does from an emotional timidity, a painful constriction of the feelings, almost a dehumanization. I think of Proust and the best record I know of emotions forever centered on objects whose worthlessness the author recognized. The difference, certainly, is not only that Proust brought to those episodes a deeper irony than Mr. Sykes but also that he allowed himself to feel about them and never dulled them with mere urbanity.

ERNEST JONES

The South American Past

THE SOUTHERN AMERICAS. By Abel Plenn. Creative Age Press. $4.

NORTH AMERICAN travelers in Latin America continually wonder why. Why are these countries more "backward" than ours? Why is their standard of living lower? Why are their economic organization, their industry,

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their concept of hygiene, of education, and of democratic government retarded? The answer lies in their history. And their history also demonstrates and explains their striking interest in philosophy and the arts, the dramatic vitality in Indian culture, the impressive colonial architecture which antedated by a century anything as imposing in the United States, and the modern architecture which often surpasses that of New York in interest. It is a story of the greatest fascination; and it is presented in this book in the one really gripping way—in the words of eyewitnesses.

Historians will find that an astonishing amount of source material has been gathered into this small volume, much of it rare and difficult to get hold of and some of it hitherto unavailable in English. And the book covers more than the five hundred years since the discovery of the southern Americas. An authority on any part of this big subject will resent certain omissions; obviously not even a taste of everything could be included in a book of such modest size. But it will prove to be a highly useful book in those colleges and schools which offer courses in any phase of Latin American life, and it should be in the libraries of those who have not yet introduced the subject into their curriculum.

As for the general reader, that is, the innocent and hence important reader, he will find that the story has been put together in easy and readable form, and with short general comments on each section which tie the parts together in a consecutive development. The book is actually difficult to lay down once one takes it up. The selections are drawn from a very wide field of material, and they have been chosen not only on the basis of a broad knowledge of the subject but in accordance with a serious and disinterested point of view. Thus they include some descriptions of the cruel mistreatment of the natives by the Spanish conquerors, but there are also passages on the labor policies of Yankee companies and a Cuban's comments on race prejudice in our own country. An account of the heroic role of the Mendicant Orders in the colonization or the historic pronouncement by a pope that Indians are human beings is recorded no less faithfully than the accounts of twentieth-century medical missions. Capitalists, diplomatists, friars, viceroys, explorers, pirates, lady travelers, generals, and scientists, all speak, and what they say is of the highest interest. This is at once the story of the first great modern experiment in empire and of the slow growth of a people made up of diverse and persistent elements. And one is given the opportunity of seeing this development, not as it appears to a modern mind, but as it looked at the time to the people who were there.

ELIZABETH WILDER

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE Howard Lindsay-Russel Crouse comedy "Life with Father" ran for more than three thousand performances and established a world's record. "Life with Mother" (Empire Theater) is the inevitable sequel, and as its title sufficiently indicates, the intention is obviously to follow the original formula as closely as possible. "Don Quixote" still remains the only case in literary history where a "Part Two" is superior to "Part One," but "Life with Mother" will do very nicely indeed. All the principal characters reappear behaving exactly as we have come to expect them to behave, and the plot closely parallels the plot of the original. As a contribution to dramatic literature the new play may be no great shakes, but it is good fun nevertheless, and it demonstrates the canniness of all concerned. Success is not always easy to follow up. The public is likely to complain if it does not get exactly the same thing again and almost equally likely to complain if it does. "Life with Mother" steers a carefully calculated course, and if it does not run for three thousand performances it will probably be good for a year or two, at least.

Clarence Day did not live to realize that he had made his father and mother into legendary figures now only slightly less well known than Maggie and Jiggs. Indeed, it is not absolutely certain that he would have been entirely pleased if he had known, for his books were written out of deep affection and an almost fanatical reverence—both of which might have been offended by the inevitable coarsening which took place when what had been very intimate was made accessible to so large a public. In dramatizing the sketches Lindsay and Crouse treated them as tenderly as they could, but even their "Life with Father" was one step removed from the original and just noticeably broader, just a little closer to frank caricature. Almost inevitably "Life with Mother," being inspired not so much by the originals as by the dramatic version, moves one step farther in the same direction. Both of the elder Days have lost a little bit more of their human complexity, have tended to become a little more like the stock characters in a comic strip who can be described by a list of the "humors" of which they are merely an aggregate. The new play puts them very amusingly through their paces, but it has all become just slightly more mechanical. The number of times that Father will say "damn" seems to have been carefully calculated, and an appropriate incident devised to exhibit each of the catalogued characteristics of each of the principal personages. In "Life with Father" the action turned around Mother's determination to get her husband baptized; in "Life with Mother" it turns around her equally stubborn determination to acquire at long last the engagement ring Father had neglected to give her twenty-five years ago. The very obviousness of the parallel is disarming, but the careful contrivance nevertheless calls additional attention to the fact that the whole thing is frankly artificial.

Granted these obvious facts, the play remains, nevertheless, skilful and amusing on its own artificial level. Mr. Lindsay as Father, Miss Stickney as Mother, and Ruth Hammond, reappearing as Cousin Cora, have all retained their zest. All three may now be playing parts which have become to some extent stylized, but they play them to the hilt, and neither money nor care has been spared to make everything as bright and lively as possible. Indeed, the physical surroundings amid which the Days move and the costumes which they and their friends wear may have been glamorized to a point which carries a little more the suggestion of Hollywood than is strictly appropriate to substantial New Yorkers of the late nineteenth century, but it is not likely that this will be objected to by an audience which has by now come

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to accept Father and Mother as stage figures rather than as historical persons. In view of all that has just been said, it is perhaps a surprising fact that the most important new figure to be introduced—namely, Aunt Cora's bumptious husband, the grain and feed merchant from Ohio—is very sharply and convincingly drawn, as well as quite brilliantly played by Robert Emhardt. Indeed, the whole writing of this part is so good as to suggest that next time the Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse might be well advised to strike out more boldly on their own.

When "Life with Father" was first produced in 1939, a very distinguished psychiatrist expressed to me in private conversation his fear that the play would further undermine the already disastrously weak position of the male in the American family. The last thing which audiences ought to be told was, he said, that fathers only bluster while mothers rule the roost. The new play will no doubt revive his fears, and for all I know he may be right. On the surface, however, nothing is more striking than the fact that the most successful play ever performed on the American stage is what used to be called clean, wholesome, and even frankly sentimental.

Films

ANTHONY BOWER

ROBERT FLAHERTY'S "Louisiana Story," though it has been on the screen at the Sutton Theater for some time, has not so far been mentioned in this column—an omission that should be rectified if only for the sake of Virgil Thomson's apposite and beautiful score and of the really magnificent photography in the film. This combines all the clarity and precision of the best American technique with a feeling for the dramatic uses of light and shade that is usually only to be found in European films. There is not one single shot that would not make a perfect still, and not one in which there is not some entrancing luminous play of the sun—on rippling water or pouring in great silver bands through dripping Spanish moss.

Though Flaherty is still the most outstanding individual in American films, "Louisiana Story" is not his most successful effort. Financed by oil-company money and confined to the Louisiana bayous and a thin romantic story of the faint disturbance caused in the life of a Cajun boy by the arrival of some oil drillers, he does not seem to be quite at home—or rather to be too near it. The source of Flaherty's talent is a profound intuitive understanding of man in relation to the physical universe, of man as an animal, flavored with contempt and a little pity. In this understanding, perhaps, lay the tremendous impact of "Nanook"—the man-animal fighting the hostile forces of nature and not doing so very well, not much better than the seals, in fact, or any of the other inhabitants of the North. But the Cajun boy and the bayous are too protected, too close to civilization, for either his contempt or his pity: there are the school bus and the hospital lurking just off screen; the alligators could well be on their way to the zoo; the dangers, such as they are, are mainly the creation of the boy's imagination. Mr. Flaherty's ideal locations are far removed from civilization in places where his ambivalent emotion toward his subject can have full play.

There are two recent imports of moderate interest. From England comes Arthur Rank's "The Red Shoes," a fairy tale of life behind the scenes—and on stage—at the ballet. The film is photographed in full technihorror—the chief protagonists being in contrasting shades of carrot—and tells the story, vaguely derived from Hans Andersen's story of the same name, of lives blighted by genius and a stubborn dedication to the muses. The heroine is compelled to dance, the hero to compose, and Anton Walbrook, as a combination Svengali-Diaghileff, to interfere in their love life. If you can disregard the plot, and it is the apparent intention of its creators that you should, the dancing should prove delightful. Moira Shearer, as well as being a competent actress, is a beautiful and graceful prima ballerina, and it is a great joy to see Massine dancing once more. For no apparent reason the main ballet sequence, for which Robert Helpmann has created some very fine choreography, is marred in spots by the most abandoned use of the sort of trick photography usually associated with something like "The Goldwyn Follies."

Then there is "The Tragic Hunt" to

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prove that once Italian film producers get hold of a successful theme they are as reluctant to relinquish it as Hollywood producers. The theme in question is the appalling aftermath of the war in Italy so tactfully and successfully exploited in such films as "Shoeshine." Here it is played with all the stops out—in a great gush of self-pity and self-justification—and acted with all the subtlety of a San Carlos Opera Company production. The story, as far as one can tell, is of bandits who steal the money on which a collective farm project is dependent and of the successful chase to recover it, of black markets and absentee landlords, and of poverty and the grim struggle to live. Why so much bravura and bosom and why such a confused and overloaded plot should have to be used for such a real and touching subject remains a mystery; yet somehow the film is redeemed by a tremendous vitality and a sense of real conviction behind all the superfluous nonsense.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

ONE thing I have been increasingly aware of and fascinated by, when I have listened to Berlioz's music recently, is the fact that his mind is always working. Nothing that happens anywhere in the music is perfunctory; the movement of an inner voice is not a mere routine filling in of texture, but something active, purposeful, something attentively and freshly thought. And one of the results of this constant fresh thinking from one point to the next is the absolute originality of the music—the originality which, most recently, has astounded and moved me in the Requiem.

Columbia has issued a recording of this work (MM-769, $15.50); and if you listen as attentively and freshly as Berlioz wrote—which is to say, if you listen with your own ears and mind and without the ideas you have acquired from your reading of the Einsteins, Langs, Sachses, and other academic muddleheads, the sum of whose knowledge derived from no such attentive and fresh listening is that Berlioz is a wildly romantic extremist who uses an additional four brass bands in the *Tuba mirum*—you will hear not only how artistically legitimate is Berlioz's use of those brass bands, but with what an exquisitely delicate passage he ends that section. And throughout the work you will hear other wonderfully beautiful and expressive details that you have read nothing about—these in addition to passages of terrific power achieved not by abnormal orchestral means but by imaginative use of normal means, like the writhing and tearing figuration of the *Lacrymosa*.

The performance, recorded in Paris, is by the Emile Passani Choir and an orchestra under the direction of Jean Fournet, with Georges Jouatte as tenor soloist in the *Sanctus*. The men's voices are coarse; the tone of the solo oboe heard on one of the sides is poor by our standards; Jouatte's singing is tight and forced; otherwise the performance seems good. It is well reproduced, though with strong reverberation from the empty spaces of the Church of St. Eustache—except for the *Quaerens me*, which seems to have been recorded in a studio, and sounds the better for that. I would have thought that such a recording would give us the work complete; but from Jerome Bohm's review (I have no score of the work) I learn of a brief cut in the *Quaerens me* and a big one in the *Sanctus*.

Columbia also has issued a recording of Dvorak's Symphony No. 4 made by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (MM-770, $6). The work is engaging in the way Dvorak's music is; the performance is excellent and very well reproduced.

From Cetra-Soria comes a recording of Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons" as arranged by Molinari for strings, cembalo, and organ and performed by him with the Orchestra of the Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome ($12.08). The work includes some charming music; the arrangement is in good taste and is well performed; and it is well reproduced except for the usual European over-weight of bass on American machines.

Concord has issued three more Preludes and Fugues from Book 1 of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier*, recorded on the harpsichord by Dorothy Lane ($3.68)—the method of issuing so few in each album being an uneconomical one for the record-buyer, since it compels him to pay for so many albums. The works this time are No. 10, with an attractive fugue but a prelude which has never made any sense to me, No. 11, not very interesting, and No. 12, with one of the loveliest preludes and one of the most magnificent fugues in the set. Miss Lane's playing is stodgy in the prelude of No. 10, but otherwise good; and it is well reproduced except that an important bass entrance of the subject in the fugue of No. 12 cannot be heard.

What the City Opera Company has in abundance is young singers with fresh voices; and I don't know where one could hear a better cast in "Don Giovanni." Not only were the arias sung superbly, but it is long since I have heard the trios and other ensembles sung with such beautiful blending of solo voices. The entire musical performance conducted by Halasz was excellent. And so was the one of "Salome."

The few glimpses I had of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe performances before I gave up trying to see them from the bad seats I was getting this time enable me to report that Markova's dancing in "Giselle" continues to be exquisite and to exhibit its reduced scale of intensity of the last two or three years.

CONTRIBUTORS

FRANZ HOELLERING is the author of two novels, "The Defenders" and "Furlough."

NEWTON ARVIN, professor of English at Smith College, is the author of "Hawthorne" and "Whitman."

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This week's features:
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Letters to the Editors

Write to Justice Vinson

Dear Sirs: The United States Supreme Court in the present session is expected to consider a petition to review the case of the eleven executive-board members of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee who were sentenced to prison for refusal to show their records and books to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Of all the cases arising out of the operations of the Thomas committee, this is the only one that challenges the constitutionality of its establishment and procedures. In view of the recent activities of the committee, all citizens have a profound interest in seeing the powers of legislative committees of this kind defined.

The Supreme Court, on June 14, refused to review the contempt convictions of Dr. Edward K. Barsky and the ten other leaders of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. It is not usual to write to the Chief Justice. All the circumstances surrounding this case, however, are so unusual that, in my opinion, an exception might well be made at this time.

I suggest that citizens who hope, as I do, for greater precision in the separation of powers should write to Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, at the United States Supreme Court in Washington, and respectfully request that the court undertake this review. Only if a decision is rendered, whatever it may be, will the American people have a guide to future action. VINCENT SHEEAN

South Pomfret, Vt., October 25

A Farm View of Price Support

Dear Sirs: The article by Thomas Sancton in your issue of September 18, Price Support—Farmers' Bonanza, leads me to a few reflections. The farmer views the present price-support program with mixed feelings. He knows that it could be worse as far as the farmers are concerned, but he is acutely conscious of the criticisms directed against it. It seems to him that the consumer, whose only contact with agriculture is in the butcher shop and the grocery store, tends to blame the farmer for the price-support program. No one bothers to ask what the program is for or what effect it has on present prices. The city consumer, according to newspaper and radio, is not interested in taking the long look; he simply wants lower food prices and he wants them now.

If the commodity price level follows its old habits, he will certainly get lower food prices. He may even get prices as low as he would like them. But he will also get something he won't like in the unemployment and stalled production that accompany low farm prices. It may be that the city consumer could meet the farmer on more friendly ground if he knew some of the facts about farm prices and the support program as the farmer knows them. A great deal could be gained if farmers and laboring men would widen the areas where they are in agreement.

The present price-support program is not popular with the farmers. It is too rigid, and it maintains farm prices at too high a level. Congress wanted it for campaign purposes and passed it without considering farm sentiment. For the farmer knows very well that the higher his prices go, the lower they fall. Since he is the worst victim of our unstable commodity price level, he would gladly settle for lower prices that were somewhat more controlled. That is why the farm leaders, almost unanimously, asked Congress for lower, more flexible price supports so that farm prices could be kept in a just relationship with industrial prices.

But with all its faults, the present program has little effect upon present food prices. For example, beef and lamb are high in price, but they have no supports under them whatsoever. The actual price of live hogs is about $10 a hundred higher than the support prices; thus the government guaranty is not active in determining pork values. Wheat has reached the price floor, but the drop of a dollar from its peak has not been accompanied by a lower price for bread. Potatoes of course are the glaring and costly example of what price supports mean to the taxpayer and consumer when the floors are so high and rigid that they cause unwieldy increases in production.

One of the facts that the city consumer should take into account is that the farmer does not name the price of anything that he sells. He takes what he can get, what the consumer is willing to pay. Even if he agreed to accept lower prices for his meat and cereals, it would make little difference to the consumer's cost of living, for prices are determined outside the area where the farmer has control. He is almost the only member of our economy who has to take what he can get for his products, and over the long pull he needs considerable ingenuity to keep solvent under such conditions.

There is a more complicated factor involved in the farm program which it would be well for the city consumer to understand. It concerns the economic web in which the farmer is caught and which he cannot unravel by himself.

The direction of our economy is largely determined by the amount of goods produced, the number of people employed, and the wages which they receive. Industry moves toward fixed, uniform prices, and it tries to adjust production so as to maintain these prices. Labor then tries to stabilize wages in a favorable relation to these industrial prices. And the two forces, in combination, greatly influence the behavior of all prices—rural economists feel that they largely determine farm prices.

But the prices of food products are not stable at all. The one thing in agriculture that can be depended on is production. In spite of drought, floods, and early frosts, the total agricultural production of food and fiber varies scarcely more than 3 per cent a year. It is the widely fluctuating prices that cause the farmer's anxiety and the consumer's distress. The purpose of all farm programs has been to try to find some way to solve this problem.

The nation can count on the steady output of food and fiber. It has long ago taken that for granted. The farmer wants to know if he can count on a reasonably stable return for his assured rate of production. This is what the farm problem is about.

The games that politicians play during election years do not help to clarify the situation. But the indignant consumer in the butcher shop or grocery store should remember two of the special causes of price increases. One is the poor crops harvested last year;

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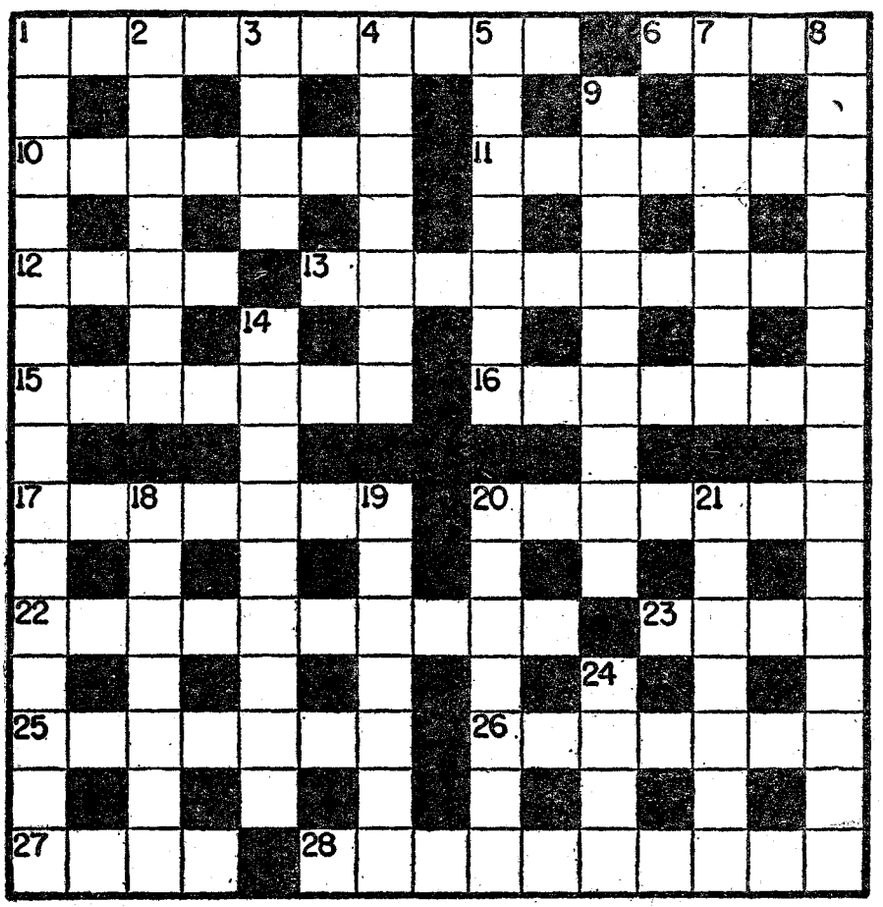
Crossword Puzzle No. 286

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Conducts business with a small company. (10)
6 Wort or squash. (4)
10 Always found in a sort of anger, but still a pensive state to be in. (7)
11 Many think such a guy should be hung stern up. (7)
12 and 13 His rites were vernal. (4, 10)
15 Arabs condescend to hide therein. (7)
16 Fancy name for a what-not. (7)
17 State of being ingenuously piquant. (7)
20 The late Walter Johnson was one. (7)
22 Anyway, there's one thing the barons won for us! (5, 5)
23 Was Roy a bad judge of this plant? (4)
25 Sophocles and Euripides both had one. (7)
26 No signs of independent motion are in it. (7)
27 The ancient capital of Persia was like our country, in a way. (4)
28 These certificates have their drawbacks, but might make us be tender. (10)

DOWN

1 When you're in the red, do you figure with these? (8, 7)
2 Manifest. (7)
3 What one does, if human. (4)
4 Altered, but only slightly so. (7)
5 Former P-8? (7)
7 A sitter who puts on an act. (7)
8 *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *The Return of the Native* seem to be, as they're still required reading. (5, 10)
9 Dislike, rather than pay it. (9)
14 One of these would have to be compact. (9)
18 How singers make their entrance. (7)
19 A sort of manatee. (7)
20 Only a step it dares to make? (7)
21 Unlike the elephant, this throws the shells away. (7)
24 Come to be full up. (4)

—⊕—

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 285

ACROSS:—1 STAGNATION; 10 WRANGLE; 11 TOURIST; 12 PARTISAN; 13 ADIEU; 15 TEARS; 17 ROADSTEAD; 19 MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE; 21 CABIN; 23 ADIOS; 24 GYMKHANA; 27 BYGONES; 28 TERRIER; 29 MIEN; 30 HOARSENESS.

DOWN:—1 SOWS; 2 ALABAMA; 3 NIGHT; 4 TREASURED; 5 OFTEN; 7 ORIFICE; 8 ASTOUNDING; 9 JURASSIC; 14 STAMP ALBUM; 16 SINGSONG; 18 ALMA MATER; 22 BONFIRE; 24 GUSTO; 26 and 20 KRIS KRINGLE.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules" for these challenging brain-teasers. Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

the other is our effort to meet the European emergency need for food.

There is no quick and easy way to increase the supply of meat after a partial failure of the corn crop. It takes time, a year or more, to increase the supply of pork and beef. Farming is a slow business; it does not operate on production-line methods. This fall the Department of Agriculture is urging farmers to produce more pigs *next* spring so that there will be more meat available by the fall of 1949. It takes long-range planning to determine farm production.

The consumer will have to control his impatience. There is a big corn crop this fall. Domestic meat production will be substantially increased next year without affecting our commitments to Europe. The farmer will raise all the food he can simply because that is his job. And the price he gets for his food, until the price-support floors operate, will depend on what the consumer is willing to pay. JAMES HEARST

Cedar Falls, Iowa, October 28

A Plug for the "Unesco Courier"

Dear Sirs: When the supreme global intellectual organization of our time, Unesco, comes out for a "new humanism" for our civilization, that is certainly news of vital interest to all liberals. And this is just what Dr. Pedro Bosch-Gimpera, the head of Unesco's Philosophy and Humanities Section, strongly urges in his article in a recent issue of the *Unesco Courier*.

Here, monthly, in this fine new paper the editor, S. M. Koffler, presents real evidence of Unesco's world-wide struggle to extend the reasoning power of the human mind over societal behavior: Unesco's coordination of scientific groups and their vital knowledge services, film education's challenge to illiteracy in Africa, China's mass education, how the compelling beauty of music becomes a weapon for world peace and international understanding, Unesco's aid to war-devastated scientific centers in Europe and Asia, the four emergency regions for fundamental education in our world today, the necessity for the popularization of scientific knowledge, society's neglect of inexpensive books as a medium for popular communication of facts and ideas—all this and so much more.

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of the West Indies, of Unesco's most colorful project—South America's Iquitos Conference—and of the International Institute of the Hylean Amazon, created to explore and develop this strange and unknown region, and so on.

Authentic information is given on the great United Nations Appeal for children.

In July we had the joint statement of eight of the world's leading social scientists on the basic causes of international tensions which lead to war, and on our very real hopes for peace.

Julian Huxley as director general of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization wisely observes of the present dangerous world situation, "Man cannot exist half illiterate and half literate." How reminiscent of H. G. Wells's celebrated "race between education and catastrophe." Yes, Unesco is keenly awake to the social urgency of our age.

A full year's subscription to the *Unesco Courier* costs $1 and may be obtained by writing to Unesco House, 19 Avenue Kleber, Paris 16-e, France.

GORDON CAULFEILD

Toronto, Canada, October 25

Aragon's Great Novel

Dear Sirs: Your contributor, René Blanc-Roos, in your issue of October 9, says of Louis Aragon's "Les Voyageurs de l'Imperiale," "I doubt whether it will be translated."

I reviewed this novel in October, 1941, upon its publication by Duell, Sloan, and Pearce under the title, "When the Century Was Young." I considered it the finest first novel of the year, and everybody to whom I lent the book agreed with me. I have often noticed that contemporary highbrow commentators on French writing refer, when they mention Aragon, only to his poetry—which is untranslatable—but never mention his great novel.

A reprint of "When the Century Was Young" would be a real contribution to present-day reading.

WILLIAM MCFEE

New York, October 20

Exchange Department

Dear Sirs: I am interested in exchanging copies of *The Nation* for the Manchester *Guardian*, and would appreciate it very much if any interested person would write me at Box 663, Mullan.

EARL BRADLEY

Mullan, Idaho, October 27

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YOU Can't Be Silent!

NEW YORK TIMES, THU

COMMUNISTS' ARREST , CRITICIZED BY SHAW

The Daily Worker announced last night that it would publish in today's issue a statement by George Bernard Shaw criticizing the arrest of twelve Communist leaders here. The statement, in which the nonagenarian playwright remarked that Christ was a Communist, was made exclusively to the Communist newspaper and cabled from London by its correspondent there, The Worker said.

BERNARD SHAW SAYS:

"THE TRIAL OF THE 12 APOSTLES"

Nothing in the sham that now passes for democracy is more childishly foolish than legislation in the U. S. A., nor so conclusive as to the failure of its schools to teach history. In America today the number of citizens who have read The Communist Manifesto, books of Marx and Engels or of V. I. Lenin and Upton Sinclair and have been converted to communism by them haven't been counted; but it can hardly be less than 1 percent of the population of upwards of 170,000,000.

"Illiterate as the world still is, we estimate its Marxists at a million and a quarter. To suppress communism, the American government has arrested 12 persons and charged them with advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence which is exactly what Washington and Jefferson did, thereby creating the United States of America.

"The founder of Christianity was a Communist with 11 faithful apostles, chief of whom struck a man and his wife dead for keeping back their money from a common pool instead of sharing it. But American legislators, ostensibly Christians, don't read the Bible, much less Karl Marx. They would charge St. Peter with sedition as well as murder were he not beyond their reach.

"I refrain from comment. The situation speaks for itself."

Ayot Saint Lawrence, Welwyn, Hertfordshire, England

by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

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